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Special Features This Issue
Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival
On the Hudson Again - Dream Boats



messing about in BOATS

Volume 15 - Number 18

February 1, 1998



messing about in BOATS



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In Our Next Issue...

I'll finally bring you the photos and info on the Hawaiian outrigger canoes, along with some other South Pacific high performance stuff, John Scull's "Proa Racing in Kiribati" and Richard Carsen's "Flying Outriggers". I expect to start a short series in connection with these on "AYRS, Wild Ideas, Worthwhile Goals" by Mike Badham.

Hugh Horton will tell us about "50/50 Boats in a Breeze", while Rick Klepfer's "Musings From Mustique" carries on, as does Lewis Freeman's "By Waterways to Gotham".

Peter Holmes reminisces in "Tin Boats in the Thousand Islands" and Ned Asplundh reports on his discovery of the "Michigan Junk Rig".

Space permitting, we will look at Com-Pac Yacht's new "Picnic Cat", "The Firebug Dinghy" from Marke Steele and Morton Ray's "Electric Boat for General Waters".

On the Cover...

Port Townsend's Annual Wooden Boat Festival attracted 350 boats last fall in a grand display. Jim Tolpen and Cathy Parkman have extensive photo coverage for us in this issue.

Commentary...

I've commented in the past on all the reading material that comes in here due to our being in this publishing business. Boating magazines and newspapers, museum newsletters, club newsletters, they all add up to quite a panoramic overview of boating activity today. They come to me in exchange, as publicity material, or simply from a desire to let me know what some group or another is doing.

The commercial magazines and newspapers that I exchange subscriptions with are pretty much close to my own interests, I don't get the major sailing and motorboating newstand consumer publications. I do get to see (in alphabetical order): *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*, *Boatbuilder*, *Boat Design Quarterly*, *Cruising the Maine Coast*, *Gulf Coast Moorings*, *Maine Boats & Harbors*, *Maine Coast Boating*, *Multihulls*, *National Fisherman*, *Pacific Yachting*, *Sea Kayaker*, *Ships in Scale*, *Soundings*, *The Water log*, *Watercraft*, *WoodenBoat*.

This list has built up over time as these publications became aware of us and suggested we swap subscriptions. Do I read them all? Well, no, I scan them all and read the bits that catch my attention. Thus *National Fisherman* gets a scan only, seldom do I find interest in the problems of the commercial fishing industry, but someone in their editorial office wanted to read *Messing About in Boats*, so...

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker gets my most thorough read, as Editor/Publisher Tammy Venn is a personal friend and doing what I do, all on her own. Mike O'Brien's *Boat Design Quarterly* I also favor for the same reason. My growing interest in trimarans prompted the exchange with *Multihulls*, but here I found that the main focus was on much larger more costly boats than I could contemplate, a bit like *Sail or Yachting*, but for multihull enthusiasts. *WoodenBoat*? I read the occasional article, but always see what Uncle Pete has to say in "On the Waterfront".

The rest get read to varying degrees depending on what they happen to feature in each issue. From perusing all these publications I acquire a broad, though superficial, awareness of what is happening in recreational boating. The knowledge I gain is governed by the choices these publications make as to what interests them. Were I a small boat enthusiast with no stake in the publishing field I would not subscribe to them all certainly.

A secondary flood of publications that I receive is made up of newsletters. These fall into two groups; professionally produced publications generally from maritime museums and major special interest clubs, and amateur efforts catering to the narrow inter-

ests of the groups producing them. With a few exceptions these all come to me unsolicited, sent in the interests of keeping this editor informed, and perhaps hoping that some of the topics featured might gain mention on our pages. As with the magazines, I scan them all and read that which catches my attention.

The professionally produced efforts promoting the objectives of museums or associations are often major ones; *Steamboat Bill*, from the Steamship Historical Society of the United States features full color covers, 80+pages, lots of photos, erudite articles on major ships of today and yesteryear (today "engine powered vessels" are included in recognition of the decline of steam). *Wooden Canoe*, from the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, while more modest in size with 28 pages in black and white, is very nicely done. *Mains'l Haul*, from the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego, is about the most impressively professional of the museum newsletters, 40 pages, multi color, glossy stock, lots of photos.

The amateur produced newsletters can be both the most fun to read and the most tedious. There are a lot of good writers out there writing about their favorite form of messing about in boats and their efforts are the fun ones. There are also loyal but slog-ging editors who plod on with their efforts which, while informing their members of what's happening, make for dull reading for those not in the group. This is not a fault necessarily, but one important function of a newsletter is to attract new members to the fold. Plodding prose that fails to generate enthusiasm for the group's interest fails to achieve this objective.

My favorite is *The Ash Breeze* of the traditional small craft association. At times still a bit dogmatic about "traditional", it has grown from a narrow focus to one generating enthusiastic support for the traditional small boat and the people in the activity.

The winter months provide the most time for me to look over this torrent of printed words that arrives in my mail (as many as 50 such publications can turn up in any given month). I hear from readers occasionally that they do not have time to read all the magazines they get and are cutting back on subscriptions (sometimes to this magazine!). Perhaps I don't have time to read all I receive cover to cover, but I do gain from the reading I do undertake a sense of what is happening. So all those magazines and newsletters serve a purpose for me. I hope it may also do so for those sending them to me in my resulting awareness of their activities and the influence they may have on what I publish on these pages.

"The Old Ed Stories"



By Eric Russell

Readers wishing to contribute stories to the Old Ed Stories can send them to me at 2664 E. 18th St. Apt. 3F, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Those accepted will be cited in print and will receive a copy of the book when published.

Puget Sound Roundup

I heard from Del Kahn the other day, and he told me of the following experience:

As a high school student in the late '40s and early '50s, I worked summers for Foss Launch and Tug Company out of the home office in Tacoma, Washington. Henry Foss was still at the helm. His fantastic, kindly mother, Thea, cofounded the company and was the loose inspiration for the Tugboat Annie series of movies and stories. Henry and his brothers were commonly known as the "Sons of Tugboat Annie."

I was first deckhand on the Foss 15 in the middle of one summer, and I truly loved my job with its travels and food. It was wonderful traveling up and down Puget Sound and the adjacent inland waters. We had super grub fixed by professional cooks who acted as though they were grandmothers taking care of their first grandchildren. If life can be better than that, I wish I could live long enough to see it happen.

One lazy afternoon, we were adrift off Arcadia in southern Puget Sound waiting on the change of tide to allow us to ride the flood through narrow Skookum Chuck and up the six or seven miles to Shelton. We had three empty chip scows for a mill there to exchange for three full scows. I went off watch at noon and the mate and second deckhand, officially on watch, had taken the skiff ashore around the point to get oysters. The skipper, also off watch, had been up most of the night juggling scows in Tacoma and was sleeping in his cabin. The cook didn't have an official watch, but had to provide all the meals and snacks and scrub the galley at all hours, so he was corking off in his bunk.

Any good deckhand practiced roping cleats and bitts. His skill was partly measured by how far he could throw the eye of a line and snag a cleat. This meant less time juggling to get alongside a scow or dock before making fast. I was very good.

I heard a snorting sound at the stern, so I checked it out. There was a cow in the water at the stern. The barges had drifted around us and we were in a sort of canyon of barges. I threw an eye on her horns and winched her aboard. Just as I got the eye off her, I heard another snort and found another swimming cow between the barges. I roped her aboard and struggled the eye off her horns while she followed the first cow up to the bow.

Just as I got the line back to the stern, two more cows came swimming between the scows to the boat. There were finally six cows on deck when they stopped coming. It was a

quiet summer afternoon, and the cows got very quiet once they didn't have to struggle in the water. They all seemed to have an uphill urge and migrated to the bow deck en masse.

The afternoon quiet was pierced by the engine room ringing two bells, the air signal. This was a great old fire bell with two 12" gongs and was loud enough to be heard over the engine noise anywhere on board. It meant turn off the compressor if it was on or on if it was off. It ran off the main engine. Any deckhand responded automatically and instantly. I was in the engine room before my mind told me that the engine was dead, and therefore no air signal was possible. Then the skipper played what sounded like *Yankee Doodle* on the whistle.

I ran for the wheelhouse. When I got there, I had to muscle a cow out of the way. She was standing with her head in the wheelhouse door and might have gone the rest of the way if there hadn't been two high steps up. In the wheelhouse there was another cow sticking her head in from the other side. There were four more cows lounging around the anchor winch. The skipper was standing in the middle of the wheelhouse blinking like a toad in a hailstorm. I am not sure whether or not he was breathing.

There had been no cows on his tug when he went to his cabin and he could not accept that there were any aboard now. Then came the question about where did they come from, and how could any deckhand be so stupid, and what were we going to do with six cows?

Yankee Doodle on the whistle had gotten the cook out of his berth and up to the wheelhouse also. It took him longer than it took me

because he had to put his pants on and he was slower at pushing livestock out of the way than I was. It also brought the mate and second deckhand from the beach on the double. When they rounded the point, the boat was invisible among the scows, with just the mast visible. When they came around the scows, they weren't sure they wanted to come aboard, after all. There were no cows there when they left, and they hardly believed there were any there now.

During all this the tide changed in our favor and headed for Shelton. The skipper radioed the Coast Guard about the cows, but the Coast Guard avoided all responsibility as the cows no longer needed rescuing. The skipper offered to put them back in the water so the Coast Guard could then be concerned. The Coast Guard radioed back that it was illegal to put hazards to navigation in the water, and they would act accordingly. Obviously the local newspapers monitored the marine band, because a photographer from a local newspaper was waiting when we got to the mill.

The cook did all the talking with the media, dwelling at length on our reward for rescuing the cows. It seemed I was no longer sole owner of six rescued cows. I had suddenly acquired a partner and now owned one half of six cows. The skipper only wanted the cows off the boat NOW! The cook made a deal with the millwright to house the cows in a vacant machinery shed while we waited to collect our reward. The millwright agreed to feed and water our cows for a part of whatever we got. I had acquired another partner and now owned one third of six cows.

When we came back to the mill about a week later to exchange chip scows and collect our reward money, we still had six cows as nobody had stepped forward to claim them. Now the mill owners wanted the cows to vacate the mill site NOW! When we got back to Tacoma the next day the cook took some time off and drove to Shelton to arrange a cattle auction. My two partners and I got \$360 for our six cows.

That \$120 share looked awfully big next to my \$17 for a 12-hour day wages, and I was all set to go cattle roping big time, but the skipper would have none of it aboard his boat. Whenever we were in the area again, I scanned the waters with the binoculars and a couple of times spotted something dark in the water off in the distance. Each time the dark spots turned out to be black swans. I have never seen a Florida sea cow and never again saw a Puget Sound sea cow.

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ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (508) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Alder Creek Boatworks, 15011 Joslyn Rd., Remsen, NY 13438. (315) 831-5321.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5142.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.

BOATING SAFETY INSTRUCTION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (617) 599-2028.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (617) 934-7555.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Activities & Events Organizers '98...

A new year is here and even though winter will be with many of us for several more months we can start to think about what we might want to be doing when our season gets going.

As a center of a sort of small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many, many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are frequently asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or organization or event.

To expedite this we publish this "Activities & Events Organizers" listing. We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we don't want to spend a lot of time either on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about opportunities. Instead we periodically publish this list and suggest that readers contact any of these that seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you want in this listing, then contact us, we may be able to help you. But bear in mind that everything we hear goes onto this list, we're not holding anything back.

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (508) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (508) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (804) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seaford Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, 9801 S. Ocean Dr., Jensen Beach, FL 34957. (407) 229-1025.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
New Netherland Museum, Liberty State Park, Jersey City, NJ 07305. (201) 433-5900.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (508) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, RR1 Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.
Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (804) 463-6895.
New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o David Akin, 40 Chase Ave., W. Dennis, MA 02670.
San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142.

West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Connecticut Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
Finlandia Vodka Clean Water Challenge, 300 Central Park West #2J, New York, NY 10024. (212) 362-2176.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RRI Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
Merimack River Watershed Council, Lawrence, MA, (508) 681-5777.
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-4695.
Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Pike Messenger, 32 Boston St., Middleton, MA 01948. (508) 774-1507.
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (508) 282-4580.
United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.
Washington Small Boat Messabout Society, Bob Gerfy, Seattle, WA, (206) 334-4878.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.
New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.
Steamship Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barneget Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o George Sargent, 5227 Williams Wharf Rd., St. Leonard, MD 20685. (410) 586-1893.
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
Traditional Small Craft Club of the Peabody-Essex Museum, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (508) 663-3103.
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (617) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Noank Wooden Boat Association, P.O. Box 9506, Noank, CT 06340.
S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (508) 356-3065.
Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.
World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.
Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.
The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.
Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as \$6 per issue to reach 4,500+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

Advertising should appear in an issue at least a month ahead of the date of the event involved. To meet this lead time we need your ad copy two months (60 days) prior to the date of the event. Events and activities advertising will appear in the 1st issue of each month on our "Happenings" pages where readers will be accustomed to looking for it.

By asking you to pay a modest sum for the space you need, we will be able to pay for the added pages that will come to be necessary to provide this service, something we cannot afford to do at no cost.

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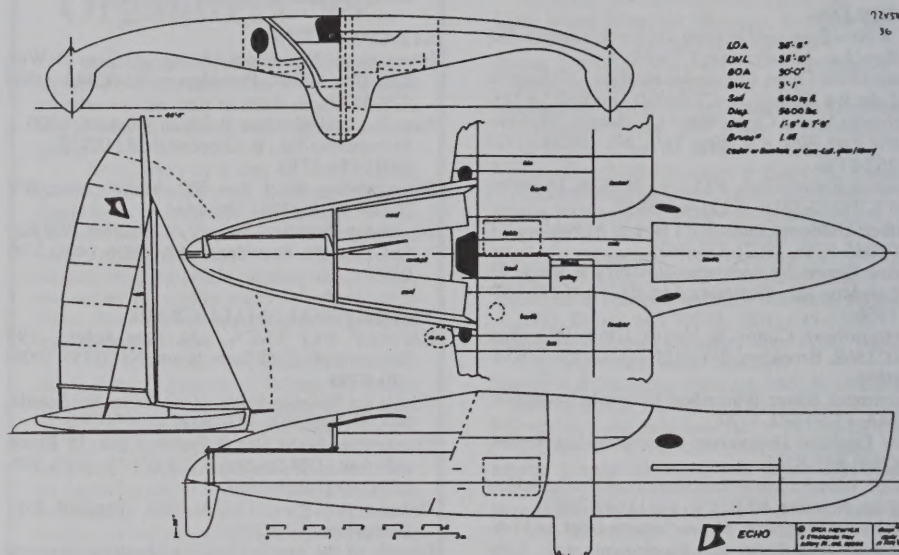
Your Activities...

Model Testing Opportunity

Last June we had a three day course at the University of New Hampshire summer program to make and test model boats. Since one cannot do much making and testing in only three days I encouraged the six participants to come with models about 3' long at least partially completed. Only one finished model showed up, of a 25' solo outrigger canoe intended for surfing. After further refining, the owner/builder also had time to make, and comparison test, two alternative amas.

We had a variety of boats: Two baidarka type kayaks, a Carib Indian dugout sailing canoe, a local rowing type, two-thirds of a sailing trimaran, and a double ended dinghy. Only one used a wooden frame with multi chines, planked with tough 2" wide sticky tape. The others were all of 2" thick house insulation foam, some shaped free-hand, others with precut frames of poster board with photocopier enlarged or reduced stations pasted to them with foam in between. Sheathing ranged from paint to glass/epoxy.

Scale weights were figured and ballast was added as required. Our texts were L.F. Herreshoff's *Common Sense of Yacht Design*, Kinney's revision of Skene's *Elements of Yacht Design* and Weston Farmer's *From My Old Boat Shop*.



We had the use of the University's superb woodshop and, for half a day, the almost new 125' test tank complete with wavemaker and 15 knot carriage. The latter was still being calibrated so all we could do was study and photograph wavemaking, either from above or through windows in the tank's bottom and sides. Before adjourning we also towed our models in the tidal creek where the rowing crew trains.

Now that we have discovered how much can be accomplished in three busy

days we would like to see the course continue this year. If any readers have an interest in testing their own design concepts in this manner I invite them to contact me.

Dick Newick, 5 Shepherds Way, Kittery Point, ME 03905, fax (207) 439-8591.

PS: Here is a revised study plan of my 36' Echo trimaran being built by a small technical college in Germany that intends to send it around the world with no one on-board. Quite a challenge for these students...and for this designer!

Your Needs...

What Happened to Whalewatcher?

Can anyone inform me of what happened to the Bolger Whalewatcher prototype which was nearing completion when its owner/builder passed away? I am interested in learning its fate.

Sheldon Douglass, 443 E. 61st St., Tacoma, WA 98404, (253) 473-9428.

Your Opinions

How About...?

With so many tasteful rowing boats described in the magazine, I suggest establishing a formal "His 'n Her" Class effort. The whole elegant scene including the stern cane-back chair, parasols, perhaps a removable "Boarding Tube" (this needs a proper/new name here) for her to get ahold of and lower herself from, and maybe even small awnings. The social advantages are evident, and the boats themselves deserve a little more credit.

The incredibly expanding kayak population will inevitably result in unwanted overturns. One might appreciate a backrest which includes a flotation bulb at its apex, so that overturns are stopped at the water's surface and the kayaker can thrash around in breathable air rather than being submerged inverted in a cold, threatening environment. Like PFD's, it makes sense.

Large scale schooner charterings might well consider having a yawl boat worthy of coping with "worst situations". Far from some auto-engined skiff to attend to embarkings and ground tackle settings, this yawl boat may have to take on pure tug duties affecting both crews and passengers. Consider one made of aluminum, air-cooled diesel powered permitting daily starting checks while on the davits, propeller guarded like a purse seiner skiff, and fore/aft decks with railings to house emergency lines.

The helmsman should operate from a high cowed central position within arm's length of the fore/aft decks and equipment. Envisioning some big wave or even surf conditions, his cockpit should obviously be self-bailing. It's strictly integrated ships equipment; leave all passenger transporting to large inflatables. An adequate yawl boat is neither overkill or costly.

Norman S. Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

How to Read a Used Boat Ad

If readers haven't already seen this information they might enjoy it. The District 36 U.S. Power Squadron has given permission for you to print it. They in turn obtained it from Ann Moore in the Chesapeake Bay Silverton Owner's Club Newsletter.

Mint Condition: Recently washed and waxed.

Good Condition: Needs repair.

Needs Repair: Hopeless.

Glass on wood; Already repaired.

Cute galley: Tiny galley.

Compact Cabin: Cramped quarters.

Huge Aft Lounge: Compact cabin.

Custom: Homemade.

Sporty: Taped on racing stripes.

Frisky: Uncontrollable.

Near New: Salesman lied, owner disgusted.

Performance Proven: Worn out.

Immediate Possession: Nobody wants it.

New from Compass Classic Yachts

14' CLASSIC CAT

- Good looks *
- Easy handling *
- Speed *
- Versatility *
- Forgiveness *
- LOA 14' *
- Beam 7' *
- Draft 10" *

- Seats *
- Cockpit room *
- Comfort *
- Stability *
- Low Maintenance *
- Affordable price *
- SA 130 sq ft *
- Displacement 600# *

Fiberglass construction * Varnished wood trim

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Compass Classic Yachts, Inc.,
Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662
Shop 80 Rayber Rd. Orleans, MA
(508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032

Legal Lighting: Two color flashlight.
 Make Offer: Admittedly overpriced.
 Price Firm: Make offer.
 Poor Health Forces Sale: Owner sick of boating.
 Must Sell Quickly: Both pumps working continuously.
 Full Safety Equipment: Five cases of outdated flares.
 Modern Decor: Plastic trim on 1/8" wood panelling.
 Self-Contained: Porta potti leaks, hull doesn't.
 Drew Morris, Greer, SC

Stitch-and-Glue Pioneer Passes

Joe Dobler died last October 24th at the age of 90. His name is not as well known in the boating world as it ought to be. Designer of over a hundred small boats in plywood, Joe apparently introduced stitch-and-glue boatbuilding to the U.S. In 1963 Joe read in the British magazine *Yachts & Yachting* about the debut of the Mirror class sailing dinghy at the London Boat Show. Joe later wrote modestly of how stitch-and-glue construction was brought to the U.S.:

"What made the event noteworthy, I'm tempted to say epoch-making, was the way the boat (the Mirror) was put together. The plywood sections were joined with fiberglass tape and resin, which made it possible to omit some of the timber members, such as keel and chines. Before taping, the parts were held in place with copper wires through holes drilled in the margins. They called the system 'stitch and glue'. I was struck hard by the implications of the system and immediately came on board.

My old friend Bruce Embody needed a boat suitable for rowing, sailing, motoring, and especially fishing. I sketched up a 10'x5' V-bottom pram. It was my first taped seam job. Bruce built the boat and was well pleased with everything about it. We called the boat the Vita dinghy. Bruce may well have had the distinction of building the first taped seam boat on this side of the Atlantic. I have sold about 75 sets of plans, so there may be a few of the Vita boats scattered around."

Joe's other career, and primary livelihood, as an aeronautical engineer provided an expert foundation for his boat design skills. Born and educated in the east, he moved as a young man to southern California to pursue a career as an engineer in the then-new aircraft industry. He brought with him a sailing dory, a love for boats, and an engineer's penchant for making improvements on the status quo. His designs explored the variations and possibilities of stitch and glue boats up to 28', especially for rowing and sailing. Joe wrote a number of articles and had his design work published in books (e.g. *Boats To Go* by Thomas Firth Jones) and magazines such as *Messing About In Boats*, *The Ash Breeze* (Journal of the Traditional Small Craft Association) and *WoodenBoat*.

Stitch-and-glue construction is such a basic element of the small boating world these days that it's hard to imagine "messing about in boats" without it. Joe's Vita dinghy may not seem like an historic benchmark now, but in time I think that it could well merit that distinction. In their time, Rushton canoes and Lawley tenders, for example,

were common consumer items; today they are considered symbols of genius.

Tom Setum, Joe's son-in-law, has taken possession of Joe's design drawings and related papers, with the intent to assure that they are appropriately preserved. Suggestions (from you or your readers) of how best to preserve Joe's papers, whether in a maritime museum archive or otherwise, would be appreciated. Contact Tom Setum at 22 Glorieta West, Irvine, CA 92620.

Kim Apel, San Clemente, CA

Your Projects

Ready to Build

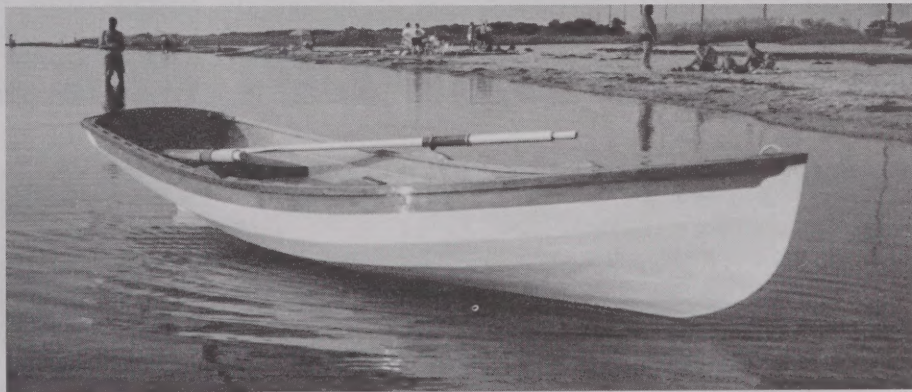
Defying all odds, I reached three score and five years, and celebrated by immediately retiring. Having always considered work a vastly overrated pastime, I am looking forward to this next stage in my life, which will include a try at building wooden boats.

Last fall, I took Steve Kaulback's Adirondack Guideboat building course at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, so I know about his work. I have also taken Geoff Burke's Wee Lassie course. Geoff and Steve have very different approaches to their boat building endeavors, Geoff the artist and Steve the businessman. Their differing emphasis complement one another, and I would recommend either to the budding boat builder.

I want to build a traditional pulling boat such as a St. Lawrence or Rangely Lakes Skiff. Both John Duncan's Canadian Muskoka Lake skiff and the St. Lawrence skiff by Keith Quarrier which were both featured in the Oarmaster Trials report you published represent the sort of boat in which I am interested.

Messing About in Boats has been extremely helpful in preparing me for this endeavor.

James L. Stead, Stowe, VT



This Magazine...

Beached High & Dry, But...

I am a lifelong small boat sailor in the sunset of my life, and a long time subscriber. Although the vagaries of old age have left me beached high and dry, *Messing About in Boats* brings me much joy.

With the arrival of each issue I usually stick in a CD of Aaron Copeland's *Fanfare to the Common Man*, plop down in my recliner, and slowly cruise through the pages

Joining Forces

I am pleased to announce that I have moved my shop to larger quarters. I will be sharing space with Scott Barkdoll of Skywoods Canoe Co. Scott hails from Honor, Michigan, and has temporarily relocated to Massachusetts. In this move Scott has transported a major portion of his equipment plus 10 canoes. Scott and I have turned an empty two bay garage unit into an operating small boat and canoe shop.

I will be concentrating on new construction. My first project is the Antonio Dias designed sailing skiff, "Small". I will also be continuing my catalog sales of Wood Boat and Canoe Restoration Supplies. Scott will be concentrating on wood-canvas canoe restoration and building.

Our new shop is located at 86 Billerica Ave. Unit #5, N. Billerica, MA, 1-1/2 miles south from Exit 37 off I495. Scott and I welcome visitors to our shop.

My mailing address and phone number remain the same: William Clements Boat Builder, PO Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862, phone (978) 663-3103, fax (978) 671-9214, email: boatbulder@aol.com

Scott's Skywoods Canoe Shop mailing address and phone number are: Scott Ira Barkdoll, 15 Nathaniel Rd., Winchester, MA 01890, phone (978) 439-0428, (888) 439-0428.

Little Wing

Little Wing, is the Wineglass Wherry I built last winter (from Pygmy Boats). At about 100lbs with 8' spoon blade oars, it flies! I really never imagined rowing could be this much fun. I'm now looking for a trailer and a mast, boom, sail, etc. to adapt for a sailing rig. Keep up the great work.

Randy Wagner, Cheltenham, PA

of your (my) little magazine. Oft' times it takes little more than a photograph to prompt me to hoist anchor, unfurl the sails and, without leaving the safety of my Lazy-Boy, once again explore the bays, lakes and bayous of my past.

Perhaps Laura Gradick's *Windjammers* sums it up for many of us:

"...An old Scottish sea captain far back in my family line endowed me with a love of sailing, and blood with a dash of brine..."

John L. Northrup, Winter Haven, FL.



Early mornings at Point Hudson Marina during the festival were a wooden boater's fantasy. Over the day activities picked up until by the end of the weekend twenty thousand people had walked the docks. By nightfall those with residual spunk energetically spun and jiggled to live dance music under the stars. Others sprawled on a nearby porch swapping sea chanties.

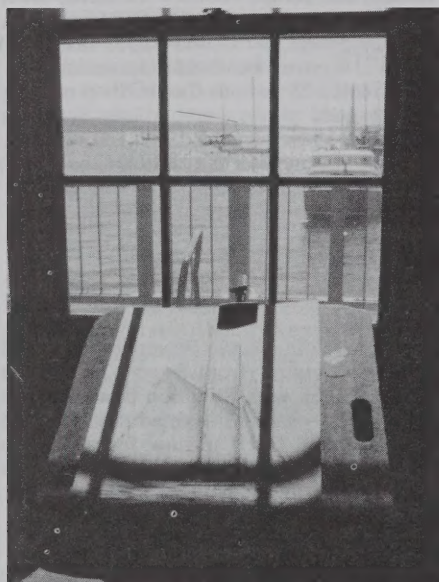
Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival

By Cathy Parkman & Jim Tolpin

The twenty first annual Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival drew greater than 20,000 spectators and 350 boats on a gloriously sunny weekend September 5-7. This usually sleepy Victorian seaport bustled with wooden boat enthusiasts who reserved accommodations frequently a year ahead to ensure waterfront views.

Port Townsend is connected by a bridge and a short ferry ride to Seattle, the nearest large American city. Victoria, British Columbia is also just a ferry ride away across the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Many of the visitors and vessels had traveled from Victoria, as the wooden boat festival there traditionally falls on the weekend prior to Port Townsend's. Port Townsend is the west coast's center for traditional boat building and is the home of the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding.

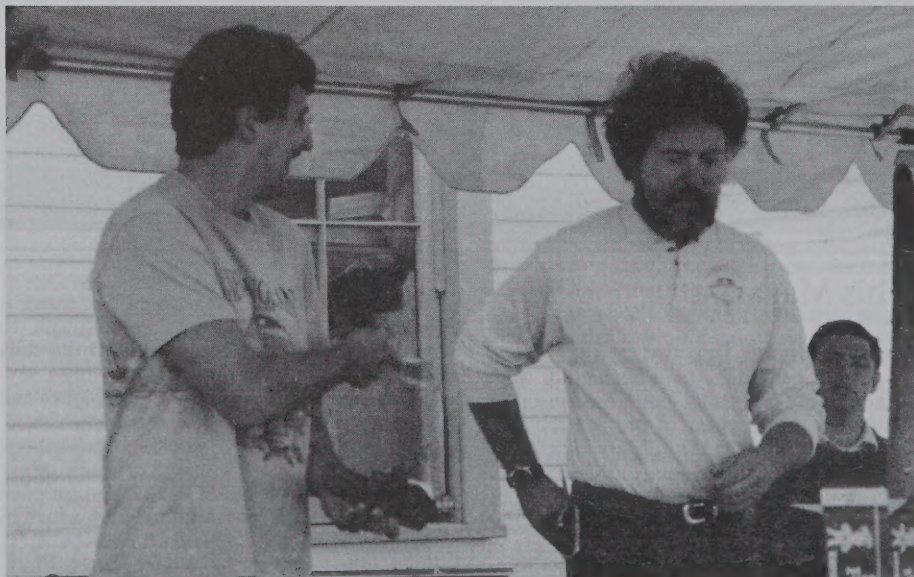
Herewith the scene as we saw it in pictures:



Endangered Species, a boat designed by John Guzwell for himself, incorporates carbon fibers in mast construction for exceptional strength with reduced weight.



West coast maritime artists displayed and sold their works. Paintings, drawings, half hulls, boat models, sign painting, ropework, are some examples of what was available to less artistic souls. Scott Lawrence, well known for his tall ship sketchings and paintings on the mid-California coast, works from a studio in Ojai, California. This photo of one of his works reflects the seascape appreciable through the weekend's events. One favorite painting depicted *Spike Africa*, a Santa Barbara tall ship named for Port Townsend salt, Kit Africa's father Spike. Kit grew up climbing the riggings and jumping between the booms of boats under sail. We understand that he still does this.

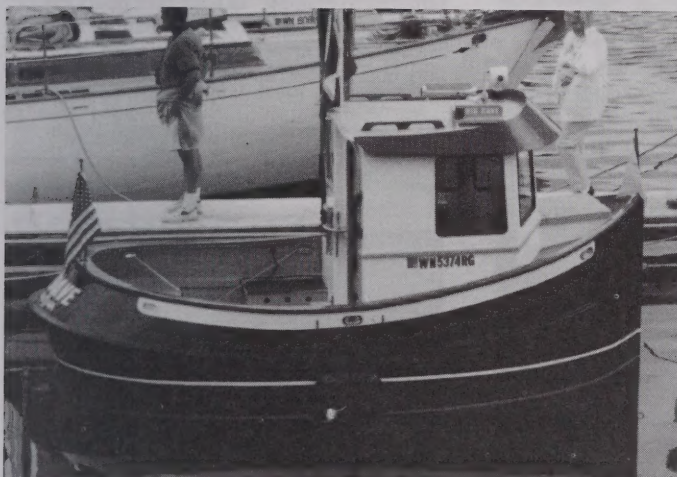


Other seminar topics ranged from handplane sharpening and tuneup to rope splicing. A National Public Radio inspired "Clink and Caulk" of "Boat Talk" (Brion Toss and Steve Langhorst) fielded boat related questions from an audience. Maria Coffey and Dag Goering shared their tale of the final voyage of Alan and Sherrie Farrell's *China Cloud*. Another of the boats they had constructed, *Native Girl*, was at the festival.



A 14' wherry being built by the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding.

Sail and power, more gorgeous small boats at dockside.



An unhappy landlubber, this dog was less fortunate than the multitude of others wedged into canoes, kayaks and El Toros.

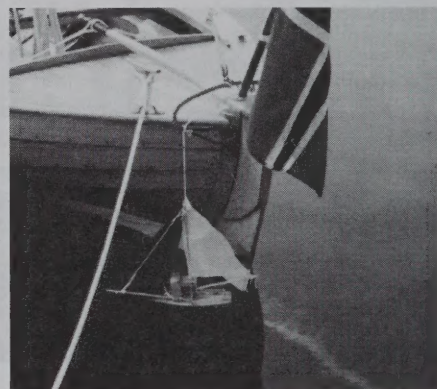


Pirates were abundant, here one has his vessel checked out by the U.S.C.G. Auxiliary courtesy guys.





The kids were intrigued with designing and then floating their boats. One young man admitted to making "at least five boats every year, it's fun!" Most kids (and parents) could hardly wait to launch their miniature vessels. Tiny boats turned up everywhere.



The morning of the rowboat races dawned fair and warm. Competitors were good humored about the marker buoy being concealed by a raft of visiting boats, over three hundred fifty, anchored about the bay. It made for a bit longer row for some of us.



A friend and I went to the Wooden Boat Festival in Madisonville, Louisiana, the last weekend in September. It's an annual affair. I had been two years ago; Sonny had never been. He's built three or four canoes and wanted to talk boat-building and see some boats.

We stayed in Covington and each day drove over on Louisiana 22, which crosses the bridge into Madisonville. The bridge is a bascule, I think you call it, the center section balanced in the middle and rotating horizontally to open passage for the larger boats. People were continually crossing the bridge and boats were continually getting the bridge to open, so the bridge tender was a busy man.

Once across the bridge there was the town. For the festival, the significant part was the strip along the river, the Tchefuncte, which a little below the town empties into Lake Pontchartrain. The town appeared to be a quaint and pleasant place, with restaurants overlooking the festival area near the bridge and the sea wall to stroll along. It took some talent to park, but you could do it without penalty if you didn't mind walking. We were lucky at it, but we came early each day.

A good bit of the waterfront was occupied by cabin cruisers moved across the lake from berths in New Orleans and pulled stern to against the sea wall. Close to the bridge upstream and down there were no large boats, and the view of the river was better. Moored south of the bridge were several "antique Louisiana bateaux," long, square-ended skiffs powered by ancient make-or-break engines. From time to time they would scoot around with exhausts popping.

Ranged along the grass on the riverside were spaces for exhibitors and vendors. Scattered about were some handsome wooden boats, all shined up in mahogany and brass. I found a Hampton afloat, dwarfed between two cabin cruisers.

There was a currach, a vessel of Irish lineage, tarred canvas on a wooden frame with great long oars with tabs with holes in them to fit over the thole pins. This was a large version with room for a crew. A smaller one was scheduled to be rowed across Pontchartrain. It arrived, but whenever it did we missed it.

There were quite a few canoes, finely finished, scattered around. Under a large welcome shade tree were two canoes and a kayak made independently by two brothers from New Orleans. Another canoe nicely done and a rack of fancy multi-wood paddles were exhibited under a tent by Philip Greene. Sonny and he talked a long time about building methods.

Postscript from Madisonville

By Edwin Hebb

There was an Old Town canoe, an "OTCA," rigged for sailing. They called it a skiff in the program. (There were a lot of "skiffs.") It dated from the '60s, had been hidden somewhere, and then was discovered and carefully restored by the exhibitor, Bud Ongman, who brought it from Colorado for the festival. He had found it somewhere with all the original fittings and even some of the original shipping boxes. He got a lot of compliments, and judging by the comments, awakened a lot of memories. The officials moved him four times to make room for vendors.

There were some pirogues, the indigenous Louisiana swamp boats, one finely finished and fitted with a small gas engine.

There were booths with Louisiana specialties, crawfish pie, jambalaya, gumbo, and boudin (a sausage of rice and pork). The gumbo was good, the jambalaya dry and uninteresting. My partner enjoyed the crawfish pie and the boudin. I promised myself some of that, but got away without it. One booth had frozen daiquiris, harmless, I believe.

There were vendors all over, selling lots of things, pottery, toy boats, sand art, jewelry. In a different class was a fellow all the way from Nova Scotia (Annapolis Royal) with an enormous inventory of marine hardware, shackles, cleats, hinges, bitts, chocks, hooks, eyestraps, snaps, winches, and anchors. It must have taken him days to unpack and display. He get's around; I'd seen him at the Mt. Dora motor boat show. Here he had hired a local man to help him, and that one was trying bravely to remember the prices of all those things.

If you came early enough you could browse the flea market. This was a thrown together collection of pre-owned winches, alcohol stoves, anchors, heaters, pumps, compasses, radios, toilets, sets of code flags. Lots of junk, of course, but pretty good junk. Most of the good stuff left early.

The "quick and dirty" boat building was real. The contestants worked tirelessly, with dedication and only a modicum of lubrication (mostly for the camp followers). The boats seemed to be abuilding up to the very last moment, the time of the parade and race. Each building crew worked diligently to make something out of not much, a boat out of a

piece of plywood and some 2x4s. Some of the boats were dory-like and trim, a few boxy. There were fancy ones, some with a message, pretty colorful, most of them. (They brought their own paint.) One had an alligator figurehead with snapping jaws. (They really snapped.) A crew from New Orleans mimicked the Saints, sported fleurs-de-lis and made themselves up with mustaches and widow's peaks like Mike Ditka.

The boats were supposed to work, so there was a race to prove them. Launching was from a floating pier just upstream from the bridge. The boats were to paddle to mid-stream, then go under the bridge downstream somewhere, then sail back and paddle some more, I believe.

We watched the launching and the embarkation. Few had thought seriously about accommodations for the crew, so most ended up kneeling, which didn't help stability. Leaving the floating dock, the less stable ones would tip precariously and there would be a great groan from the crowd. Two crew members looked like too many for those little boats, but one boat even had three. All the boats seemed to do well somehow.

They paddled to the middle of the river and, for us, disappeared downstream behind the apron of the bridge. Later, coming back, they issued forth into view. There was a lot of coming and going, though, and colors and flags, and other boats kibitzing, and jet skis, so it was a kind of glorious confusion, and you didn't miss the ones not seen. When it was over some team had won, I suppose, but we couldn't tell which one. This was the day they were expecting 30,000 people, and I guess they got them. The weather was beautiful.

There were a few catastrophes. In distress, one boxy entrant was making furiously for the landing after the race. The crew was keeping afloat till they slowed down, and then just couldn't outrun the water. Everything simply went to pieces, and the crew made the dock as swimmers.

Well, the festival was a success. But you wonder about the proliferation of vendors and the unsociable row of cruisers along the sea wall, viewers but not participants. In the festival program, the president of the Lake Pontchartrain Basin Maritime Museum thanks the owners of the wooden boats for coming. "The celebration," he says, "is for you." Well, really, the celebration is for the museum. A worthy cause, no doubt, but let us hope that its pursuit does not shift the emphasis any further from the wooden boats and their builders, the inspiration for all these going-ons.

Aesthetic creativity does not always result in hydrodynamic utility.





News from...

THE MARINERS' MUSEUM

About the Mariners' Museum: The Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia, is one of the largest and most comprehensive maritime museums in the world, housing a treasure trove of more than 35,000 items inspired by mankind's experiences with the sea. For 67 years, The Mariners' has illustrated the spirit of seafaring adventure, assembling a re-nowned and strikingly diverse collection of maritime artifacts; figureheads, scrimshaw, hand-crafted ship models, decorative arts, prints, paintings, and small craft from around the world. The Museum's collection of more than 600,000 photographic images dating from the early days of photography form one of North America's largest and most comprehensive archives of images related to the maritime experience.

The Museum's permanent galleries hold treasures including the anchor from the Civil War ironclad USS *Monitor*, Captain John Smith's map of the Chesapeake Bay, and the polar bear figurehead from the vessel that Admiral Richard Byrd sailed on his Antarctic expedition in the 1930s. Through the interpretation of the Museum's collection, which reflects man's use of the sea for transportation, food, battle, and pleasure, visitors can discover centuries of maritime history.

The spectacular first-order lighthouse lens from the Cape Charles lighthouse welcomes visitors to The Mariners' fascinating Chesapeake Bay Gallery. Thematic exhibit areas interpret the Bay's early history, watermen, shipbuilding and military complexes, navigation, commerce, and recreation. Historical photographs, a working steam engine, fiber-optic maps, videos, and hands-on activities complement the hundreds of maritime artifacts on display.

The Mariners' Age of Exploration Gallery chronicles the developments in shipbuilding, ocean navigation, and cartography that made the voyages of the 5th through 18th centuries possible. Ship models, rare books, illustrations, maps, navigational instruments, and other artifacts comprise the exhibit. A hands-on "Discovery Library" allows visitors to examine reproductions of early navigational instruments and books.

The jewel of The Mariners' Museum's collection is the Crabtree Collection of Miniature Ships, one of its most popular exhibits. From a primitive raft to a Venetian galleass decorated with 359 carved figures, these exquisitely detailed miniature ships depict the evolution of boatbuilding in an unparalleled display of craftsmanship by artist-carver August F. Crabtree.

Other galleries include the "William Francis Gibbs: Naval Architect" Gallery, which highlights the life and career of the designer of the record-setting SS *United States*, World War II Liberty ships, and more than 6,000 naval and commercial vessels; a Small Craft Collection of more than 55 vessels from five continents, including a gondola from Italy, canoes from Africa, and sampans from China and Burma; and the Great Hall of Steam, which includes the anchor and other artifacts re-

covered from the Civil War ironclad USS *Monitor*.

Complementing the Museum's galleries is the award-winning film, *Mariner*, which highlights maritime activity the world over. Historical interpreters, including a model ship builder, an 18th-century sea captain, and a 19th-century whaler appear regularly in the galleries, demonstrating nautical skills.

The Museum's Research Library and Archives, which are open to the public, house more than 75,000 volumes, 600,000 historic photographs and negatives, and one million archival items; including the archives of Chris-Craft Industries. The library is open Monday through Saturday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The Chris Craft Archives:

The Mariners' has named Jerry Conrad as its new Chris-Craft archivist. He will handle the more than 1,100 Chris-Craft research inquiries that the Museum receives each year.

The Chris-Craft collection includes the records of Chris-Craft Industries from 1922 to 1980. Considered to be one of the most complete histories of a boatbuilding company, the collection contains 90,000 individual hull cards, about 10,000 classic photographs, construction plans, catalogs, manuals, engineering data, and wartime production records. The collection is an invaluable source for anyone restoring or researching a Chris-Craft vessel, and has generated inquiries from researchers across North America and as far away as New Zealand, Argentina, Austria, and Saudi Arabia.

Since acquiring the Chris-Craft Collection in 1986, The Mariners' Museum has worked with the Antique and Classic Boat Society to co-sponsor a biennial Antique Motorboating Symposium. The Museum also has established a web site where researchers and enthusiasts can sample the Chris-Craft Collection at www.chris-crafts.org/chris-crafts.

Three classic Chris-Crafts are among the most popular items in the Museum's Antique Boats Gallery: *Miss Belle Isle*, a 1925 26' runabout; a 1934 15-1/2' utility boat; and a 1935 19' runabout. The Chris-Crafts will be showcased in a new interpretive gallery when renovations to the Museum's Small Craft Collection building are complete. In the meantime, the Chris-Crafts will remain on display in the Museum's main building.

For more information about the Antique Boats Gallery or the Small Craft Collection, call Chandi Singer, assistant curator of small craft, at (757) 591-7761.

For more information on researching the Chris-Craft Collection, call Jerry Conrad at (757) 591-7785, fax a request to (757) 591-7310, or send email to: tmm-lib@infi.net.

New Exhibition Opens: "A

Maritime Album": Like treasured mementos bound in a family's prized keepsake, The Mariners' Museum's latest exhibition, "A Maritime Album," breathes life into history, providing a rare, revealing photographic testament to man's abiding devotion to the sea. This exhibition presents a less well known aspect of its collection, its bounty of photographs.

The exhibition, which opens December 6, 1997, and continues through May 31, 1998, is slated to later travel around the country through the year 2000. It showcases images of the fishing, sailing, and whaling traditions off international shores; naval encounters and shipbuilding ventures; compelling, intimate views that span the invention of photography and the advent of the steamship more than a century ago to the recent years.

Guest curator and photographic historian John Szarkowski culled the Museum's archives of more than 600,000 images, considered one of the largest and most comprehensive of its kind in the country, to settle on 100 of its best. Szarkowski took up residence at the Museum in early 1996 to make his selections. "It's such an interesting subject," he remarks, "and a wonderful collection put together by scholars, curators, and amateurs who were interested in this subject from a hundred points of view."

Szarkowski says his methods for uncovering the best the collection has to share was simple. "When you look at a collection for the first time, you want pictures that tell you something that you didn't know before, and you want them to tell you that in a colorful and an economical way," he explains. "I selected the pictures on the basis of how much they piqued my curiosity on the issue."

Some Highlights From The Exhibition:

"Donald McKay, Shipbuilder," 1854. Daguerreotype by Albert Sands Southworth and Josiah Johnson Hawes.

"Crew of the Ironclad *Monitor*," James River, Virginia, July 9, 1862. Albumen print by James F. Gibson. Gift of S.C. Snow.

"Arctic Whalemens in Skin Suits," New Bedford, Massachusetts, 1882. Cyanotype, photographer unknown. Gift of A.W. Barnes.

"USS *Atlanta*, Manning the Yards in Honor of Queen Kapioliah of the Sandwich Islands," Brooklyn, New York, May 1887. Gelatin-silver print, photographer unknown.

"Christening of Single Turret Monitor USS *Arkansas*," Newport News, Virginia, November 10, 1900. Gelatin-silver print by Prince Foto. Gift of Missouri Historical Society.

"Teddy Roosevelt in a Panama Steam Shovel," 1906. Gelatin-silver print by Underwood and Underwood.

"Eugene Ely's First Flight from USS *Birmingham*," Hampton Roads, Virginia, November 14, 1910. Printing-out print by Keville Glennan. Gift of Virginia Ferguson.

"First Wing Panel Made by Girls," Naval Aircraft Factory, Philadelphia, 1918. Gelatin-silver print, photographer unknown.

"Yachts *Shamrock* and *Resolute*," 1920. Gelatin-silver-print by Edwin Levick.

"Bombing of USS *Alabama*," 1921. Gelatin-silver print, photographer unknown. Gift of R.L. Hague.

"Coleman's Tattoo Parlor," Norfolk, Virginia, 1936. Gelatin-silver print by William T. Radcliffe.

"The *Hindenburg*," St. John, New Brunswick, 1936. Gelatin-silver print by John Lohead.

"Cleaning Fish," Havre de Grace, Maryland, 1943. Gelatin-silver print by A. Aubrey Bodine.

"Bosun Earl Warren Making a Rope Fender," date unknown. Gelatin-silver print by William T. Radcliffe.

"USS *West Virginia* at Pearl Harbor," 1941. Gelatin-silver print, official United States Navy photograph.

The exhibition is complemented by *A Maritime Album: 100 Photographs and Their Stories*, a joint project between Szarkowski and Richard Benson, dean of Yale University's School of Art. Co-published by Yale University Press and The Mariners' Museum, the book includes an introduction by Szarkowski and essays by Benson. Acknowledged as the world's expert on photo-mechanical and photo-electronic reproduction, Benson has transformed the archival photographs into images of profound visual depth and emotional resonance.

The book comprises 224 pages, 100 duotones, 9x11 inches, ISBN 0-300-07342-9. It is available for \$39.95 through January 31, 1998; \$45 thereafter

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From the exact moment you step off your boat for the last time in a season, all that remains is the memory of having sailed it. As the actual experience drifts off into the past, it begins to fade. You might remember where you've been and what you did in great detail, but the sensations of sailing still become faint. You only have a colored recollection, part real, part fantasy, to refer to until those first wisps of April air are pouring over your decks again.

It's sometimes hard to conjure up the feelings of being on the water while sitting at home during the winter months. A souvenir might help, like my wooden float from a crab trap, which I found washed up on a Chesapeake beach, or a faint odor of lake water, caught on a warmer winter day, foraging around in a covered boat for some forgotten tool.

Even photographs don't do it like that lake water smell. These might bring back the aura of summer, the memories of a boat surging under the power of sail. It keeps me going until the day I'll be standing in the middle of a frozen lake, when that first warm breeze of March pushes heavy across the ice, mixed with leftover cold swirls of winter wind, and I know it will soon be time to sail again.

I haven't been on the Hudson enough times to form strong memories of it. I did live on a boat for a couple of months in the early '70s, and kayaked around a bit, to Bannerman's castle and some little coves around Cold Spring. But I haven't had the chance to sail the river in all its moods. At least, not to the point where I know the moonlight on surrounding hills, or what it would be like in a river cove, on a rainy day stuck in the cabin, the Boat Heat Pal casting its blue star on the dark mahogany of the cabin roof. I wanted to know the river better, and so planned

On the Hudson Again

By Rich SantaColoma

to explore it a bit each year. Toward this end, I had sailed the 40 miles from Cold Spring to Staatsburg in 1993. After that, I got busy with other things and just wasn't able to get back. But this last summer, I finally was able to continue where I left had left off too long ago.

The week I could take the trip coincided with the advent of my 40th birthday, and whether the timing was intentional on my part, as a sort of self celebration, or if it was an attempt to escape the manmade landmark in aging, I am still not quite sure. I was going to meet Cathy and our little girl, Clare, six miles up on Rondout Creek. Perhaps doing what I wanted, with whom I wanted, would give some me some illusion of having control over fate.

But I had to work on my neglected boat before I could use it. It had sat at the mooring on Lake Mahopac for two seasons with little sailing and less maintenance. The brightwork was peeling everywhere, allowing that insidious dark mold to get into the grain of the coamings and cabin sides. Black, rotting maple leaves, sticks, and bugs floated around in a soup on the cockpit floor. Wiggling mosquito larvae were swimming in the soup.

The companionway hatch was gone, having been blown away in a storm at the mooring last year. The storm also took with it a jib cleat and had fractured the mizzen step. Fittings were rusty, tarnished, missing, not working. A trailer tire was flat. The boat was only five years old, but when people saw it for the first time, they often thought it was an antique in need of restoration.

I somehow found the time to get the boat into an almost acceptable level of repair, and towed it to the Mills-Norrie Marina in Staatsburg. It was an overcast day in July, and it looked like thunderstorms were a good possibility. This, of course, concerned me as I was sailing seven miles before my first stop, Rondout Creek, and didn't want to be on the river dodging lightening bolts. I contemplated not going, while I screwed last minute fittings on the boat and stocked the cabin. I knew if I didn't go, I would regret it, and would have the extra burden of having retreated to deal with when my birthday did roll around. I did not want to be sitting at home on that day, eating the food I packed for the trip, while staring at the boat in the driveway. So I launched the boat, set up the rigging, and mentally gritted my teeth.

After another few minutes of hesitation, during which I watched dark clouds roll too quickly overhead, I decided to go on the river. I unfurled the large white main, raised the jib, and released the mooring lines. The wind was from the southwest, which allowed me to sail through the marina's entrance buoys. And as I passed out into the river, with the sails filled and the boat heeled, I couldn't imagine being anywhere else. The experience was immediately so natural, so right. I may not have sailed much recently, but once under the power of wind it all came back to me.

It came back to the *Bivalve* too, it soon made all the sounds it hadn't made in a while, the creaking of the masts against the deck, the squeak of the rudder pintles, the whir of the Seagull's freewheeling propeller in the rushing water. The boat drove strongly over the river's chop and over the wake of passing motor yachts. The river seemed so friendly and secure once I was actually on it. The reality of being out there was far different than the ominous impression I got with the view from the dock.

It's easy to forget, once away from it, what an awesome spectacle the Hudson is. The sheer mass of its moving water is felt somehow, as though it were a liquid mountain flowing under you. Even with all the signs of development and industry, the Hudson is somehow immune to complete desecration. It is too ageless, patient. It pours itself over mastodon bones, fields of arrowheads, the ribs of revolutionary war frigates, and the rusty hulks of barges with equal indifference.

I made it up the river about a mile when a rapidly moving rain squall caught up with me. Thankfully, it was lightening free. I set the boat to steer itself, and went forward to secure the front hatch. The water around me was instantly frosted with rain. The fat drops were dancing around the canvas deck and diving into the cabin to wet my sleeping bag. I closed the companionway and sat in the cockpit with a wide brim cotton hat which was soon dripping wet. Other boats were raising their biminis and all the jet skis dissolved into the shoreline. The *Bivalve* charged along in the downpour. Sailing a boat gives you one of the few excuses for sitting in a warm rain, drinking a beer.

I continued up the river and soon passed the listing Esopus Lighthouse. A large sign on the breakwater pleaded for donations to save the beautiful building, now abandoned to the water gently lapping its foundation of boulders. The rain pelted a few dark birds lined up like sentinels on a castle wall. All human at-



tendants were long gone, made obsolete by a leap or two in technology. But as I stared at the empty windows of the brick building, I wondered at its waste. I'm sure much of the real value of an inhabited lighthouse has been forgotten. The keepers were eliminated when they were not needed to light and tend the lamp, as though lamp tending was their only worth. But their human presence must have added a welcome aura to the river for many years. I imagined children playing in the rough grass by the house, while laundry hung from lines beside it.

Even though they may never be fully "manned," the structures themselves should be preserved. They show a transitional time when the human touch was more intertwined with technical needs, and not always to a loss. So few of the human creations along this river are as endearing, it would be a shame to see them go the way of their attendants.

After passing the lighthouse, the wind and rain abruptly stopped. I was only four miles up the river by then with two or three to go to Rondout. The southern sky was an ominous charcoal gray with that telltale purple tint to it. Sitting on the water was like sitting on one plate of an immense, fully charged electrolytic capacitor with wet shoes. I watched a small sloop motor up from behind me and cut its engine. The couple on the boat wanted to ask me about the *Bivalve*. with its quaint and endearing look, sailors often come by to inquire about it. I always enjoy it, but it is something to remember for anyone thinking of building Redmond's Elver.

The crew of the sloop told me they had been heading for Poughkeepsie, but dropped the sails, turned around, and ran for it as the town was being pummeled by thunderstorms. That was good enough for me! Since I wasn't going anywhere in the still air anyway, I furled the sails and fired up my Seagull Silver Century. At three quarter throttle, I was soon in the wake of the little sloop, heading for safety. And so the situation, even on a minuscule and too infrequent sail, can rapidly change.

I was soon motoring past the Rondout lighthouse and into Rondout Creek. The Rondout light has been beautifully restored, and it is possible to visit on a prearranged tour from town. In addition, a night in the lighthouse, including a catered dinner and Continental breakfast, is auctioned off as a fundraiser once a year.

I approached the town docks and picked a slip. The town of Kingston rises behind the docks. It is frozen in time, as so many upper Hudson towns are. The architecture stopped evolving the day the canal closed. I've seen this other places, like Edgartown on the Vineyard, which has retained the look of the whaling days, or Cortland, New York, with rows of Victorian mansions down Main Street. If the economy had not leveled off or fell in these places, the aura of the past would have been erased.

There was quite a bit of colorful activity by the water in Kingston when I arrived. The other slips were filled with some fancy motorboats, which were all tied up, bow out. As I neared my slip, a couple of the young skippers took my dock lines. They were very friendly, but mostly seemed curious about the *Bivalve*. These guys looked like young Kennedys with sun-frosted, wavy hair and pearly-toothed smiles. One, looking over my little yawl, seemed surprised that I could "sleep

in that thing." The *Bivalve* did stand out next to the other boats. Their craft were more like metalflake yellow and red spaceships. They had graceful organic shapes like polished seed pods. Each one contained enough horsepower to pull a semi tractor-trailer, and enough fiberglass to insulate a small home.

It seems that the favorite Sunday afternoon activity on the creek for these boaters is to back up to the dock, raise the lid over the dual chromed V-8's, and "rev 'em up." The tremendous rumble which ensued rattled the windows in the park across the street, and sent all the birds in the town park into a frenzy. Some poor pigeons appeared to forget how to fly for a moment or two, and just flapped their wings as though attempting to repel an attack.

This loud hobby went on for awhile, rattling the mugs hanging from brass hooks in my cabin at intervals. It continued until it became obvious that the free music in the little park overlooking the dock was going to be electrified gospel intermixed with outright preaching over a public address system. Such entertainment, it seems, did not mix with the lifestyles of the owners of powerful and expensive plastic boats. Or maybe it was the darkening sky which uprooted them. In any case, my neighbors soon lowered their engine lids, attendant bikini-attired minions poured themselves into the vinyl cockpits, and the fleet roared away to other adventures. I was left alone in my little wooden yawl, wondering how a 22-year-old, or a bunch of them, could each afford a \$35,000 boat.

I, myself, soon took off for a more quiet mooring. The loud preaching from the grandstand felt like a kind of moral tailgating. The cruising guide spoke of a peaceful anchorage at the end of Rondout Creek, and I headed for it. It seemed the storms were going to pass by Kingston for the time being. I called it a gift of fate, a little present given by happenstance on the eve of my birthday.

I wound my way down the creek and past the marinas lining the shore. Marinas always develop their own personality, an individual atmosphere, probably rooted in their individual mechanical characteristics. Factors like the depth of the slips, the size of the lift, the amount of protection from wake, all combine to dictate the type of boat they can accommo-

date, and hence the type of clientele which can be found there.

It's like what happens in honey bee hives, where the bees design future generations by changing the size of the wax cells they hatch their queen's eggs in. One size cell produces workers, another will form drones. Marinas with long shallow slips invite large motorcruisers, while a proliferation of long deep slips draw large cruising sailboats. Marinas with small, shallow slips only, subjected to wake, have day sailors and open motorboats, and the nature of the clientele is therefore peculiar to them. Little overnighthing, much water skiing.

The Rondout Yacht Basin, on the port side when proceeding up creek, has the capacity for the largest of the motor yachts. The owners are necessarily well heeled, and their wall of fiberglass is quite intimidating. These are boats owned by men and woman who have



"made it," and are now spending it. Mostly of the age of retirement, it is obvious they have succeeded at their chosen fields. High above the water they cook their dinners, play cards, and watch TV for hours into the night, plugged into the docks' 30 amp service. Their air con-

ditioners run constantly, drowning out the sound of the slapping water, the foraging ducks, and the creaking docks far below.

With the type of use these yachts are usually put to, it seems to me there would be a market for a motor home which looked just like a yacht, replete with retractable antenna spars and fake radar housing, teak railings and flared "bow." Such a rolling home would get 10 miles per gallon rather than the floating variety's almost none, and the experience would not have to be all that different. You could park next to the water, or even axle deep in it. Hydraulic shocks could gently rock you, in lieu of the gentle caress of a real water wake. Such machines would be much more economical to buy and operate than a water-bound yacht, you would not have to call a cab to get into town, and there would be little or no danger of sinking.

Continuing down the creek there is a large trap rock excavation and processing operation on the port side. As it was Sunday, it was quiet. I glided past the rusty barges and machinery, through oily water. This area is mostly unappealing, except for a couple of great old tug boats taking the day off. Past this section the creek again becomes fairly pastoral, except for the couple of marinas and shoreside restau-

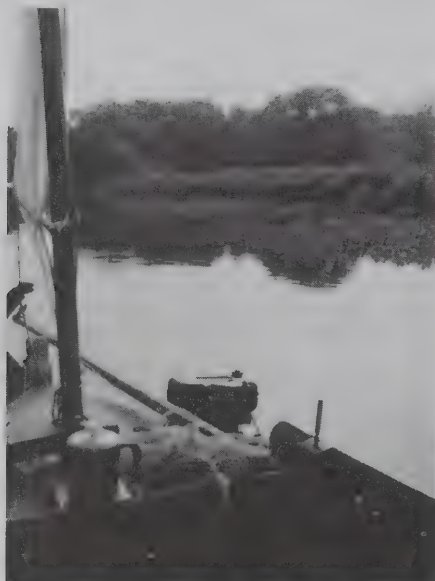
rants on the starboard shore. The end of the creek has the remains of an ancient canal lock, along with the rotting remains of various docks, barges, and workboats. A smaller bridge crosses the shallow water down here, beyond which the water tumbles over a low spillway. Everything is old, still, and decaying. I had no urge to swim in the dark water, mostly for fear my feet might brush the murky bottom or, worse yet, the rusty boiler of some forgotten work boat. I found a quiet spot near some reeds, dropped the anchor, and settled down for the night.

My mood swung while moored in these primeval surroundings as I heated a can of Dinty Moore stew on the alcohol stove. I then ate it a bit too quickly and didn't feel all too well. I also found it might just be impossible to avoid the significance of turning 40 years old. Like it or not, it forces one to dwell on past regrets and achievements, it causes one to re-evaluate lifetime goals. Maybe I would have been inured to such introspection had I eaten more slowly, or washed my stew down with one more beer, or perhaps a pot of coffee would have been a better choice. I vowed to try other medicine on my 50th. I crawled into the cocoon of the little cabin and fell asleep.

I woke up middle-aged, and mentally checked myself the way a person would examine their body after a car crash. But everything, luckily, seemed fairly intact. I went out into the cockpit of the boat and set up the little folding table. The morning air was unusually crisp and the water was still, except for occasional gentle cat's paws. I felt light and optimistic, oddly refreshed. A transformation had happened overnight, a magical catharsis. I started coffee and oatmeal, and ate a plum my lovely wife had packed for me. What could be better than this, I thought. I'm floating in my boat, with the ducks, among the reeds. The sun was sparkling across the breeze-rippled creek, gently persuading my wooden yawl into a slow arc. As long as I continued to do the things I enjoyed, with the people I cared about, the inevitable passing of time would have the smallest command of me.

I lifted the 22-lb. folding admiral anchor, let the sails catch the morning breeze, and flew back down the creek. I passed early morning fisherman, and I suddenly wanted to fish more than anything in the world. I passed a scrap metal barge where a crane operator was hoisting a ton of iron with a huge electro-magnet. It seemed like a fine way to spend the day, filling barges with scrap. Everything seemed exciting, noble, and possible.

I pulled back into the quiet town dock and secured the lines. I wandered the streets, which were now mostly empty. There was only an artist with her easel, a tired looking policeman at a table, and a couple of weathered-looking locals. But it all seemed exotic somehow; even the pigeons, with iridescent purple feathers decorating their necks, struck me as strange and important. The town, which had seemed old and dirty the evening before, was now as interesting and unique to me as any Mediterranean village would be after an Atlantic crossing. I washed up in the public restroom and returned to the little cockpit of the yawl, to my hot pot of coffee and some needed line splicing. I sat there, mending the lines, and waited for Cathy and Clare. It wasn't long before they came bouncing down the dock to meet me, full of smiles and enthusiasm. I felt very, very young.



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A friend of mine came down to Mustique on a business trip and wanted to see a bit more of the island than he had previously. We decided that a good experience would be to snorkel on the wreck of the *Antilles*; a French luxury liner that went aground just north of Mustique in January of 1971.

The *Antilles* was a 20,000 ton vessel carrying 600 passengers on a cruise through the Grenadines. The captain, for unknown reasons, decided to run his ship through the narrow and shallow channel that runs between the Pillories and Mustique. A small plane pilot who was returning to Mustique saw the ship heading for danger and tried to stop it by buzzing the bow of the ship; this warning was ignored and the *Antilles* struck hard. Reportedly, the captain decided to apply full power in an effort to get himself off, but this just resulted in the ship catching fire and, seeing that the ship would be a total loss, the captain and crew opened the ship's bar and took off to Bequia in a lifeboat.

The passengers got drunk and were eventually rescued by fishing boats. Since they now felt that they had salvage rights to the wreck, Mustique people attempted to claim her the next day. They crawled up upon the still hot decks, took down the French flag, and then tried to paint "Mustique" on her stern. Although these efforts were thwarted, the French decided to just abandon the ship and Mustique was left with a new island that would come to be regarded as an eyesore.

In the ensuing 25 years, the ship has rolled over onto her starboard side and slowly collapsed until only a few scraps are visible above the sea. Her remains have become a good diving spot, although not an easy one since the seas are almost always too rough to attempt it. We decided to paddle out to her early one morning since the seas are the least rough at dawn. We borrowed a plastic kayak, put our gear into her and worked out through the surf to the wreck site.

Our paddle out was a lumpy one and we had to work a good bit to keep ahead of the current. Our plan was to go to the east part of the wreck, the up-current end, and drop off one man while the other man followed in the kayak to render assistance if necessary. I stayed in the boat the first time while my friend drifted down from the stern of the ship to the bow. I picked him up and we paddled back to the stern where I rolled off and had my go.

The ship was quite discernible in the clear water and I could clearly make out many of its features as the current carried me down. I got a surprise though, when I tried to stop and examine a part of the wreck; the current was so strong that I could not swim faster than it with just fins, I had also to swim with my arms to hold position.

The first drift was down the port side which was interesting but only whetted our appetite for more. We decided to attempt another pass, but were shocked by a huge breaking comber that came hissing our way; clear warning that the seas were building. We had a quick discussion and decided that since we were here, we might as well give it our best shot. We paddled up

Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer

again but this time dropped off on the starboard side where the seas were not as steep.

This side was not only calmer but more interesting since it was the side to which the ship had rolled. We saw a lot of barnacle-encrusted hull plates, life boat davits, boilers, piping, tanks, chests, wheels, and all manner of other artifacts. In some places we could see down into the ship through openings in the plates. In other places, a pipe or other feature that had been highly polished by the currents could be seen. Everywhere were brilliantly colored fish, darting in and out of the recesses of the wreck.

The bow was the most intact area of the ship; here we could clearly make out the anchor windlasses, the railings, the bulwarks and even the anchor chain. Also visible were two cranes that were used for loading cargo into the forward hold. As I swam past the bow, I could easily imagine standing as a forward lookout in a living ship.

Anchor chains ran out from the bows and following them, I came to the wreck of a salvage tug, lying on her side. The tug had been working on the wreck, trying to salvage brass a few years after the accident; the salvagers were a bit on the greedy side however, and they overloaded their boat with metal until it too capsized and sank. Now their bones are consigned to Davy Jones, although from what I could see, someone else got their booty.

After we had made four passes of the ship, the seas were too rough to continue and we were too tired of fighting the current to try any more. We headed for shore, having a good boost back with wind and current. This is contrary to my usual method of saving the worst for last when I am exhausted; I kind of liked the experience and may try to plan future trips this way!

We have been on this little piece of rock known as Mustique for a long time, and when an opportunity comes for a trip to a bigger place, we take full advantage of it. We recently had such a chance in a business trip that I had to take to Barbados and, knowing that it has been nearly a year since my wife Kay has been able to do any real shopping, I was not foolish enough to leave her behind.

Admittedly, Barbados is not the hub of the world, but it is 170 square miles compared to Mustique's 3, and has about 500 times the population. It is also a flat, coral island; not a chunky, volcanic one as in the Grenadines.

We chartered a plane to fly the 150 mile-or-so trip and landed in a torrential rainstorm that hung over only the runway while the remainder of the island basked in sunlight. We had flown many times through Barbados International, but had never had the opportunity to linger; this was our chance. My meeting took but half the day to accomplish and then we were

free to explore, starting out with a quick ride to Bridgetown, the largest city, where we mapped out the places that we would like to delve into in more detail.

Our means of transportation was by "bus"; similar to the ones on St. Vincent, except that here they have better roads and thus can achieve truly scary speeds as they wind through pedestrians and livestock. I had a brief view of the harbor facilities as we flashed by and knew that these would require further study.

Bridgetown is the only place on Barbados that can be described as a city; it is bisected by the Constitution River, a dirty and slow-moving stream that also serves as a sewer. Along the banks of the river's mouth we saw the Coast Guard fleet which consisted of mostly small craft and inflatables, although there was one large ship there who's years of hard service showed in the deflections of her hull plating between every frame and stringer, down her entire length. Across the river from the Coast Guard were a few massive but disheveled sea-going tugs, waiting for the call to put to sea.

Further up the river, a sparse collection of catamarans and cruising sailboats were tied up in what could loosely be described as a marina; no long-distance cruisers were seen. A bit further on, a low bridge excluded all but the smaller craft from traveling further up river. Here we observed some rough-built fishing craft; mostly 18 to 20 feet long, with a small cabins up forward. We watched as one fellow got his boat underweigh, using an 8 foot 2x4 as a tiller extension to his outboard. There were also some unusual fishing boats that turned out to be converted from small cruising sailboats; all vestiges of the rig removed and an outboard mounted on the transom.

Just north of town lie the commercial shipping docks where huge cargo vessels could be seen taking on or discharging bulk materials. We couldn't get too close to these since the dockyards were all enclosed in chain-link fence, but we did get the feeling of busy hustle-bustle from our inland vantage point; more commercial vessels could be seen anchored offshore, waiting for dock space.

In many places we saw the indigenous fishing craft of Barbados which ranged from small, open sailing/rowing boats to the more prevalent outboard powered vessels that appear to be the first choice of fishermen. Where a suitable beach was available, these boats were pulled up above the tide line, but we also saw many boats anchored in the surf all night, pulling relentlessly at their moorings in desperate efforts to come ashore for a night of fun on the beach.

We saw advertisements for a submarine in which one could venture down to 150 feet in the clear water; we considered this, but decided that we did not have enough time and also felt that it would be too "touristy" for our tastes. After two days of the "big city" we were ready to bid farewell to the "Bajans" as Barbadian people refer to themselves, and return to the tranquillity of our diminutive island community.

(To Be Continued)

It was late afternoon and the tidal current began to make its presence felt, pushing against me as I tentatively entered the Gildersleeve Shoal Channel. Gildersleeve was the first real island I came to, and it presented a problem. The river was much wider on the west side of the island, but very shallow in spots according to my chart. The chart also had an ominous notation, "Submerged Dike," and a note near the southwest corner of the island stating "Foul." I wasn't at all sure what that meant, but wasn't terribly interested in finding out. I decided to navigate the narrower but deeper channel on the east side.

I also decided that I would need to row, probably at least to the far side of the island if I were to find a place to tie up before dark. The wind was the next thing to calm and the current upstream was getting more and more efficient. My last five tacks netted about two feet of progress downstream. So the sail was tightly furled and the boom pulled up so I wouldn't hit my head. I raised the leeboard, lashed the tiller straight ahead, locked the seat in place, unshipped the oars, and started to row.

Fortunately, *Emma* moved easily under oars, even with all the cruising gear aboard.

As the light began to fade, I became more and more interested in finding a safe place to tie up for the night. I certainly couldn't stay in the channel and, although my old friend the river guide said Gildersleeve Island had camping spots, all I saw were "No Trespassing" signs. Besides, I didn't want to camp in a deciduous jungle, I just wanted to anchor my boat.

In the waning uneven light, in the stillness, in the absence of people or boats or any familiar landmarks, I began to wonder if I was really floating in the middle of Connecticut. Why were there no other boats or any signs of civilization, or any people? Were they all hiding? Had I taken a wrong turn down a watery path to an unknown world? Had I unknowingly been transported to another dimension? All I could do was keep rowing. As I rowed slowly down the silent, softly lit, luminous waterway, the realization swept over me that whatever dimension I was in, whatever path I was taking, it was a supremely beautiful, truly peaceful and, yes, magical one.

I slowly swung around a slight bend in the channel at the south end of Gildersleeve Island and saw up ahead what looked like the pilings of an old pier, jutting out from a sheltered spot on the shore. There was hope. A little rowing is fine, but it had been a long day and I was ready for supper and a good night's sleep. As I got closer to the pilings I could see that they were indeed part of an old abandoned cargo dock. Once, a long time ago, the old pier might have been a friendly haven for cargo boats or high-sided barges pushed by river tugs.

Now a tug's nudge would turn the whole pier into a game of pick up sticks for giant river trolls. Worn gloomy pilings towered overhead at odd angles, held together by heavy crossbeams. Two tilting narrow walkways connected the whole jumble to the shore.

Running parallel to the shore 30 feet beyond these intimidating timbers, a low floating pier anchored several small finger piers, each casually pointing out toward the channel. Half a dozen small power boats huddled silently between the fingers.

On the land, large slabs of rock formed a barrier between the piers and a nearby

The Mosquito Pier Tuesday, July 31, 1979, 6:30 PM

By Oliver Allyn

corrugated tin building. The building and the river's edge were strangely unrelated, both physically and psychologically, rather as if they had each agreed to disagree about the value of the other's function. Nobody was around the boats, nobody around the piers, nobody up the hill beyond the building. A silent signal must have sent all living things scurrying for hiding places when my small boat was sighted floating down the Gildersleeve Channel.

I had no idea if there was any "civilization" up the hill away from the river, but more ice was needed and the idea of a dinner cooked for me was very appealing. After hanging fenders over the side, I tied bow and stern lines to the outside of the nearest of small piers. If I left *Emma* there, would all the river bank beings that I thought should be around come out of their hidey-holes and carry her away, or worse?

Deciding to risk it, I left her and climbed the bank near the end of the big shed. On the other side of the shed was a large flat open space, a great pile of wooden boat cradles, then two more large buildings. High up, across the end of one of these buildings was a painted sign rippling across the metal corrugations - "Petzold's."

Large power boats of varying ages and stages of repair, some with "For Sale" signs, were lined up at the far side of the yard. Obviously, things happened there sometimes, but not now. Near another building with the sign "Ship's Store" (closed now, of course) was a telephone, not in a Rocky Hill's glowing wooden booth this time, but in a bright blue and silver plastic shelter clamped to a dented steel post. But the phone worked, so I called home to tell my family that all was well and that I was going out in search of a good dinner.

After a quarter-mile walk I came to a lonely, empty highway advertising itself by a faded yellow line down its middle and a small sign saying "17A."

Across the road, set well back from the pavement, was a perfect gem of an early Colonial house, small, faded barn red, faintly ethereal in the hazy dusk. Next to its front door was a tiny white sign "1717." At first I thought this was an address, but then realized it must be the date when the house was built. Still no people, no cars, no noise. Not only did I wonder where I was, I began to wonder when I was.

When I looked to the right I was brought back to at least the recent past, if not the actual past. A faded sputtering neon sign announced "Package Store, Ice." That was more like it. Inside two dour gentlemen were talking about the state of the orchards. They were the first human beings I had seen since I left the village above the ferry dock.

"Ain't no ice, haven't had none since Sunday. Truck'll be here tamorra. Quiet around here on a weekday evenin'." No other place around here's open. Sorry."

But it was still comforting to know that not everyone was in hiding. I bought some soda and some chocolate cupcakes and then headed iceless and dinnerless back to the boat.

Darkness had come in patches. Soft, warm, faintly humming air moved among the trees and slowly swirled across the road as I walked back. *Emma* was tied up just as I'd left her, not carried off by the unseen inhabitants of this suspect dimension. The river, now that I was no longer trying to move on it, blatantly flowed downstream past the tip of an island that didn't quite seem to touch the water. Old boards on the piers glowed silver. Scuff marks on the motorboats disappeared in the dusky light.

Emma and I had to get ready for the night before it turned completely dark. Staying tied up to the pier could invite bumps in the night with every passing swell. If I could moor *Emma*'s stern to the end of the little pier, I could tie her bow to the biggest end post of the old cargo pier. I'd not be in the way of any nighttime fisherman returning to his slip. *Emma* would be lying at an easy angle to the river no matter which way it flowed, and even with plenty of slack in the lines she wouldn't bump against anything.

In the deepening colors of late evening, the huge end piling, at least a foot in diameter, loomed high over the water, leaning slightly downstream after years of resisting spring currents. The lower six feet of dark scarred pitted post between the water, and the pier floor was covered with a thick spreading of creosote, too tacky to put a mooring line around. Silhouetted against the pale lavender sky, the part of the post above the cross bracing seemed completely covered with unkempt mouse fur, soft, grey-brown in places, rubbed the wrong way in other places, starting to molt. Every so often a trick of late evening light made the fur seem to twitch as if a giant mouse muscle had tensed.

At this point it was too late and I was too tired to worry much about the strangeness of a mouse fur covered timber, so I slacked off the stern line and paddled slowly toward the giant post. From a careful coil, I swung the bow line up and around the middle of the furry tower. The instant the line touched the post, the fur exploded with a furious whine. Reforming into a pulsating cloud, it settled three feet above the top of its former home. A million mosquitoes angrily debated what vengeance they were going to wreak upon me. Loudly buzzing about home and honor and a free society, they constantly changed the shape of their noisy cloud, in and out, thinner and fatter, but never varying their basic position.

"College Professor Eaten Alive On Connecticut River!"

"Twenty Thousand Mosquito Bites Spell Finish to Sailor's Odyssey!"

In a panic, I slipped the bow line free and swung away from that post and its airborne defenders as fast as I could paddle. The stern line was still fastened to one of the little piers but if I aimed *Emma* straight out I'd still be able to put 30 feet between me and that whining cloud. There wasn't really any other place to go. I didn't want to take someone's slip, nor did I want to tie up alongside a pier and bump against it all night.

The mosquito cloud was still over its post home, continually droning but not attacking. So, with some trepidation, I extended the stern line as far as it would go, grabbed the anchor

and chain, and heaved it out in front of the bow. The only trouble was that the anchor chain wasn't fastened to the anchor line. In my haste to escape the "flying cloud of doom," I had forgotten that I had untied the anchor line to use it as a mooring line. I quickly found my spare anchor, tied it to the long mooring line, tied the line to the bow cleat, and threw the anchor way out forward. The anchor held firmly and I was in a pretty good position, perpendicular to the line of the river and, I hoped, a safe distance from the mosquitoes.

The boom tent was put up with amazing speed. My greatest fear was that the mosquitoes were just waiting for me to get the tent up but not the mosquito net on the end. Then the entire cloud of them could swoop in through the opening and finish me off at their leisure.

Every chink I could find was stuffed with something, a towel, an old sock, even a plastic trash bag. All this hasty preparation was done with one eye on the moaning, pulsating cloud of insects.

Finally I crawled into my unzipped sleeping bag and stretched out, rigid as an oar. I planned an escape route. I prayed for a can of Raid to appear, just in case. I kept my ears tuned to every change in the whine.

Suddenly, there was a crescendo and the pitch got higher. Every one of those million mosquitoes was revving its engine. Together they sounded like a giant turbine gone berserk. I tore open one corner of the boom tent, ready to dive overboard, and looked out. The cloud of noise swayed toward me, like some miniature tornado sweeping closer across the sky.

Just as quickly as the noise had increased, it subsided again and the living funnel cloud pulled itself back together in an amorphous fuzzy ball several feet over the top of its home post. Maybe they weren't going to attack, maybe they were just going to buzz about. I closed the flap again and crawled back into my sleeping bag.

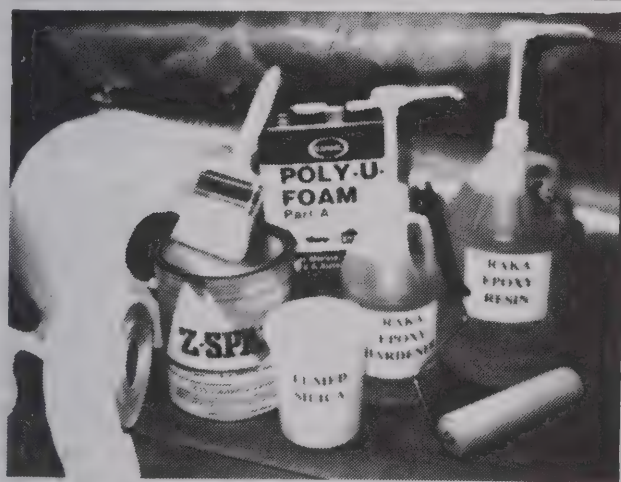
Strangely enough, not one mosquito violated my boom tent bedroom that night. I lay there for a while, still with some trepidation, listening to the whine gradually become an almost friendly hum, only occasionally increasing in volume and pitch. *Emma* swayed slowly with the caressing river current. Gentle, gentle river sounds. No more thoughts of man-eating mosquitoes. Not even a hint of tugboats and barges roaring down the channel. I was soon gratefully asleep.

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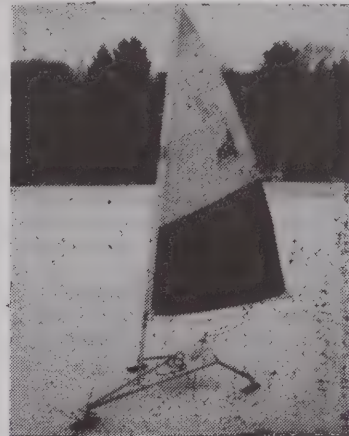
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The storm which had been thundering to the west all day of June 11th discharged most of its venom during the night. The worst of it fell along the southern shores of the lake. Several violent squalls broke upon Two Rivers, but found our boat snugly covered on the slip of the Coast Guard station and ourselves equally immune under the roof of the boat-house.

The weather in the morning, while far from settled, looked hardly threatening enough to keep port for. The 25-mile run to Kewaunee was made in just over three hours. Cutting my course too fine in passing broad, rounding Rawley Point, I found myself in a nest of shoals, with several vicious fangs of rocks pushed up to within a foot or two of the surface. The breeze was too light to reveal these with broken water and the light too dull to make them visible more than a couple of boat lengths away.

After nicking one of these with the propeller (fortunately without injuring the latter), I tilted the motor and threaded my way out of the maze under oars. This was the first of many occasions on which the automatic tilting of the motor saved it from serious damage. Subsequent collisions were responsible for the sheering of many propeller pins but never for the loss of the wheel itself.

The Kewaunee Coast Guard station had a forecast of thundershowers for the afternoon, but the captain was inclined to believe they would not be severe to the north. He warned us especially of barely covered shoals along the shore and advised keeping out from two to three miles the first quarter of the way to the lake entrance of the Sturgeon Bay Canal, our next objective. Just how troublesome these shoals would prove in the event of a forced landing we did not, fortunately, have a chance to find out.

A drizzling rain from leaden skies rather than thunder squalls prevailed most of the afternoon, so that there was no occasion to deviate from an outside course in deep water. The beach showed more rocks and less sand the farther north we fared, and just before reaching the canal a ridge of white limestone appeared, the forerunner of the beautiful cliffs fringing most of Green Bay and the islands about its mouth.

The course we were about to follow through Sturgeon Bay Canal and north along the eastern shores of Green Bay was considerably longer than the direct one up the outside of the peninsula. It had been universally recommended to us, however, both because it was better protected and because it ran through some of the most beautiful waters of the Great Lakes. The slender easterly reaching finger of Sturgeon Bay cuts five-sixths of the distance through the narrow peninsula separating Green Bay from the main lake, so that a shallow excavation of 7200 feet was all that was needed to unite the waters.

This was done by a private company during the years between 1872 and 1881. The United States Government took over control in 1893, and in the course of the next decade deepened it to 15 feet and widened it to 160. The lake end of the canal is enclosed by two converging piers, each over a thousand feet in length, forming a stilling basin that is called by courtesy a "Harbor of Refuge." The area enclosed, as the War Department Bulletin describing it admits, is too small to be of any value as a refuge for ships and is of use only

BY WATERWAYS TO GOTHAM

The account of a two thousand mile voyage by skiff and outboard motor in 1924 from Milwaukee to New York, through the Great Lakes, Trent Canal, St. Lawrence, Richelieu, Champlain and Hudson Rivers.

By Lewis R. Freeman

Chapter III Coasting Green Bay

in affording protection to the entrance to the canal.

Running in between the piers toward the Coast Guard station on the north bank of the canal we observed, in a line of uniformed men forming up along the wall, what appeared to be the preparations for our first formal welcome. Assuming that some kind of an address presenting us with the Freedom of the Canal was about to be made, Tellander and I fell into hot debate as to which one of us should have the pleasure of listening to the other make the response. The decision was still in the balance when we bumped alongside, quickly to learn that we had been giving ourselves unnecessary concern in the matter of a response to a speech of welcome.

The welcome had been carefully prepared, it is true, but it was a negative one, taking the form of a rough and undignified tumbling out of the contents of our boat while a very dour-faced captain checked the items from a yellow paper. When I, thinking the search was possibly a routine one of motor boats at the canal, interposed to say that all government requirements in the matter of life preservers, fire extinguishers, and the like had been complied with, I was told bluntly that I would be given a chance to make a statement in due course; also that I might just as well be warned that anything I said would be held against me.

That cleared things up a bit respecting the lack of warmth in the welcome, so that I was not so much surprised when the captain and the searchers, shaking their heads ominously, agreed with each other that "this sure looks like the outfit." Evidently having learned all that was necessary, the half dozen big strapping guardsmen formed a circle about us, handed me the yellow paper, and demanded to know what we had to say to that.

The yellow paper cleared up everything. It was a police wire from Manitowoc asking all Coast Guard stations to be on the lookout for a gray, 18', round-bottomed boat, fitted with lockers forward, which had been stolen by two men the previous day. There was also a list of things that had been taken with the boat and, without giving the items in detail, I may say that we had them all, even to a collapsible canvas bucket marked "U.S."

The identification appeared so complete that I could quite understand how our captors assumed the airs that would go with the feeling that there was nothing left to do but deliver up the prisoners and collect the reward. If they were surprised at the highly amused grins that sat upon the phizzes of the captives,

it was nothing to the way they were caught aback when I passed the captain a copy of the Milwaukee paper with an account of our departure and a picture of the outfit in the river and at the Yacht Club. The best of it was that he had a copy of the same paper in his pocket, together with memoranda of phone messages from Coast Guard stations to the south asking him to be on the watch for us.

Fortunately the captain was of Irish extraction, and so able to derive some enjoyment out of a joke on himself.

"They can't be saying I didn't keep a watch out for ye after all, boys," he exclaimed, clouting us both on the shoulder with a weighty paw. Then, with a flush of red around the fresh-shaven gill, "but I'd be appreciating it, just the same, if nayther of ye beat it to the phone to tell 'em just what kind of a watch it was I kept."

He was such a good sort of a chap, once the Nemesis-of-the-Law manner was cast off, that both of us promised. This is the first time, indeed, that I myself have told the story by any medium, so that if it chanced that it has already been put in circulation among the Coast Guard stations, the responsibility must rest upon the captain's other "prisoner."

Fifteen minutes' run through the excavated section of the canal took us out to the shallow waters of Sturgeon Bay and one of the most exquisitely beautiful sunsets at which I have ever caught breath or quickened pulse. One moment we were shut in between high banks of blasted fragments of limestone; the next this had fallen away like the wings of a stage setting, and we were running through a mad rainbow revel of color that was swimming in the air, the earth, and the waters under the earth. It was all of such an impossible dream stuff sort of loveliness that for a space I could only gasp, and incidentally forget my steering until the bump of the bows on a channel marking buoy shocked me back to reality again.

What had happened was really very simple, just a felicitous blending of three or four of nature's moods and manifestations at the moment of sheer perfection. These were the "props" for the astonishingly splendid setting as catalogued before the pageant had faded.

A glorious fair-weather sunset that throbbed through the whole scale of reds, from delicate rose pink to vivid, flaming scarlet, a mile of gently sloping hillside blanketed almost solid with the virginal whiteness of newly opened buds of apple and cherry trees, a verdant stretch of sward running down to a zone of marsh thick studded with the floating blossoms of yellow and white water lilies, a reach of unrippling water stained to a bright golden-amber when it had drained down through the centuries old layer of rotting woods beneath the moss of the fringing forests.

The kaleidoscopic riot of shifting colors was caused by the glow of the sunset striking down across the masses of cherry and apple blooms to be reflected in the golden mirror of the still waters of the bay. It would be as presumptuous as futile to attempt further to describe the result.

Running on a couple of miles to the waterfront of the attractive little town of Sturgeon Bay, we tied up for the night in the slip of a boathouse a hundred yards above the drawbridge which spans the narrow inlet. With the mosquitoes buzzing belligerently along the

water, we were only too glad to accept the invitation of the owner of the boathouse to spread our beds on the verandah of his home, on the higher ground a hundred yards nearer the town.

Our host, a genial Scot named McLean, had once made a voyage in a small motorboat around the north shore of Lake Michigan. He could give me little practical information about it, however, his rather hazy recollections being only of a rocky coast with many shoals and few people.

Rolling out at sunrise from the lilac scented nook where we had slept, we were greeted for the first time since the day of our departure with a bright, clear morning sky. As the day was Friday, the 13th, however, we were loath to believe there was not a catch in the thing somewhere, and so phoned to the Coast Guard station for verification of our own weather forecast. When this indicated that the government observer was also risking his reputation on fair weather, we no longer hesitated to face the combination of day and date dreaded by mariners above all others.

A phone call to Tellander's office in Milwaukee brought word that business would demand his return the following morning, but the bad news was tempered by tidings that several other friends were leaving the same day to rendezvous with me at Ephraim, on Eagle Harbor, for a final farewell party before I passed beyond the zone of auto roads. A hasty going over of the engine in McLean's machine shop revealed that the motor was working off its stiffness and settling down to its long grind without a visible symptom of an ache or a pain.

My entrance to Green Bay from the Sturgeon Bay Canal discovered a radical change in the character of the coastline. Soft sand beaches were left behind practically for good, to be replaced by white limestone cliffs in Green Bay and by various native rocks along the north shores of Michigan and Huron. In fair weather the rock bound shores made little difference, in foul they promised greatly to complicate the problems of landing. But for the day at least the skies were fair, and it was in order to make the most of them.

For the first five miles north of Sturgeon Bay the shores were steep-to, so that we were able to run along in deep water a biscuit toss from the cliffs with no need of keeping a lookout for lurking shoals. The cliffs were mostly sheer fractures of glistening white limestone, hard pressed from the rear by a surge of forest, with trees in that rare riot of freshness just following the spring budding. Spring had come even later than usual on the northern lakes, and it was to be my happy fortune to ride the frothing, fragrant crest of the wave of early summer all the way to the islands of Georgian Bay.

Green Bay is small only by comparison with Lake Michigan, from the northwestern end of which it depends somewhat after the fashion of an overripe and slightly bruised banana from its parent stem. It is nearly 20 miles wide at Sturgeon Bay and not much narrower at any point between its head and mouth. Clear as was the day, we saw only the smokes of the towns on the western shores, with the loom of hills showing but dimly at one or two points. We were not, therefore, running in anything approaching closely landlocked waters. The advantages the bay afforded to small craft was in the lee its eastern shores provided against storms from the main lake and the

availability of the shelter of small islands and a number of natural harbors, in both of which the west coast of the main lake was quite lacking.

These advantages were partly offset by the openness of the bay to northerly and westerly storms, and the fact that its very shallow waters were far more susceptible to the action of winds than were those of the deeper lake. It was Tellander's feeling, indeed, that, while it was easier to run to shelter in Green Bay, if it came to riding out a storm in a yawl or a schooner, he would far prefer to take his chances in the big lake. For my own little shallop, however, there was no question but that I was far better off on the inside than the outside course.

Turning northeasterly with the bend of the coast five miles above Sturgeon Bay, we had our first opportunity to try out the behavior of boat and engine with headwind and seas. The wind was a couple of points off the port bow and just strong enough to stir the clear, shallow water up into waves a degree less than whitecaps. The fine flare of the bows clove through them admirably, with most of the spray blown back being deflected by the first extension of the hood. With the boat deep down as she was, it was inevitable that some green water would pour over the windward gunwale in the rolls, but we learned to avoid most of this by carefully timed balancing.

I was much encouraged to find that the propeller kept well buried even when the bow plunged into a trough, and so lost little if any of its forward driving thrust. It was not near to threshing clear of the water and racing in empty air at any time, neither did the buffeting of the seas on the bows appear greatly to retard headway. I must, of course, expect weather in which there would be difficulties on all of these counts, at the same time it appeared that I was going to be able to keep the lake, and even make substantial progress, against conditions of wind and sea which I had hitherto been inclined to regard as prohibitive.

Egg Harbor, with its summer resort hotels, offered a convenient lunch stop, but we decided in favor of saving time and distance by standing on to Eagle Harbor for a party of our own on the beach. Rounding Eagle Bluff after passing the low, flat Strawberry Islands, we skirted Horseshoe Island and ran in to a landing on the inner beach of Shanty Bay. The latter is a southerly arm of Eagle Harbor and is distinguished as one of the few spots along the northern shores of Green Bay still uninhabited by the summer hotel or the (at times and places) almost equally irritating "paying guest farms." A rotting landing and an abandoned cabin all but obscured by applebloom told of ancient inhabitants, but of latter day occupations there was almost no sign.

And so, in this delectable bit of wilderness, Tellander and I made our first and our last joint camp.

An explorative clamber through the woods, a swim where the golden hued water was warmed in the embrace of a sunbaked loop of sand, a supper in which the camp culinary cunning of the both of us was expressed to the nth power, with a crackling pyrotechnical fire of birch logs as a grand finale, conspired to carry the day to a climactic pitch of idyllic perfection. Buzzing, boring mosquitoes that stung and clung and refused to give o'er their relentless fight for blood until the chill gray dawn of the morning after, came rather in the way of an anticlimax.

With the shrill trumpeting of the reinforced enemy sounding to renewed assault with the rising of the sun, no further reveille was needed to roll us out for full retreat. Bathing swollen heads and hands in the cool water of the bay, we tossed off hastily brewed basins of coffee in the grateful smudge of rotten wood, threw our outfit helter skelter into the boat and scudded away in a protecting smokescreen of oil and gas to where civilization and safety beckoned behind the jetties of Ephraim.

It is always the initiatory battle with mosquitoes that is the bloodiest. Physical and mental immunity comes quickly with constant exposure, and finally brings the familiarity that breeds contempt. And an attitude of contempt is quite fitting and desirable with the mosquito of temperate regions which carries no malaria or yellow fever on the tip of its snout. With the festive anopheles and his brethren of the tropics it is, of course, quite another matter.

I may add that, even as temperate zone mosquitoes go, those of the shores of the Great Lakes are a slight annoyance compared with the bloodthirsty hordes of such regions as the upper Missouri and lower Mississippi Rivers and practically all of Alaska. Doubtless, too, they serve a useful purpose in bringing the over ecstatic camper back to earth now and then, like the fleas on the mongrel that David Harum reckoned were put there to keep him from forgetting that he was only a dog.

Tellander, his absence to be deeply and frequently regretted during all of the remainder of the voyage, caught the early bus out of Ephraim en route to his neglected office. Toward midafternoon, while a considerable portion of the population, both permanent and transient, was gathered to give me practical advice on shaking down my outfit for the next leg of the voyage, two cars rolled down to the landing. One of them brought Ole and Mrs. Evinrude and their son, Ralph, just home from school, the other contained my genial playwright friend, Bernard K. Burns and Mrs. Burns.

The Evinrudes had been planning the little bon voyage party when I left Milwaukee, but Burns, fresh from his Broadway success with "The Woman on the Jury" and headed for the woods to work on a new play, was only deflected up the peninsula at the last moment. The sequel was a wholly delightful weekend spent fishing, boating, and motoring over a uniquely beautiful countryside. Wisconsin has acted wisely in setting aside as a state park a considerable area bordering the south side of Eagle Harbor. I know of nothing quite like it anywhere else in the Western Hemisphere.

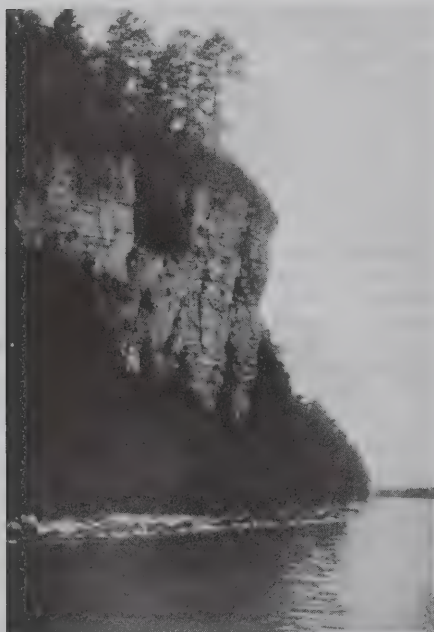
Mr. Evinrude brought word of several volunteers who were anxious to rush on to sign up with me in various and sundry capacities for the rest of the voyage. One of these, an ex-Coast Guardsman and naval service man, gave some promise of qualifications that would have made him really useful in the work ahead. Glad as I would have been, however, for the presence of potential help in the event of a forced landing with a craft that I knew was too heavy for me to handle quickly alone, I was still unwilling to handicap the boat in rough water with any more weight than was absolutely necessary. Neither did I care to take on, "sight unseen," a complete stranger.

An 80' schooner is all too small for two men so constituted as not to be able to look at

work, play and life generally through pretty much the same eyes, and a small open boat in like event could hardly fail to be one degree worse than hopeless. As a matter of fact, out of a score or more of friends with whom I would feel comparatively content in embarking upon an extended yachting cruise, I could number on one hand those with whom I would be optimistic of developments in shipping for a month in a small boat. So it was with neither qualms nor regrets that I declined the services of all further candidates for a "crew."

I had expected to push on alone on Monday morning, the 16th, but another fine day and the prospect of watching one of his engines work out against a lively run of head seas with a heavy boat proved too much for Ole Evinrude to resist. So it was arranged that he should accompany me as passenger on the 15-mile run to Hedgehog Harbor at the northern point of the peninsula, where Mrs. Evinrude and their son would go by road to pick him up for the return drive to Milwaukee.

Eagle Bluff near Ephraim on the shores of Green Bay.



The perfect harbor at Fayette on Green Bay.



We ran out off into a light northerly head wind, with occasional gusts drawing down over the bluffs indicating that it would be met coming from the east beyond the peninsula in some strength. Any hopes I may have entertained of making Mr. Evinrude work his passage by giving me an intensive course of instruction in the idiosyncrasies of his little brainchild popping away on the stern were doomed to disappointment. Casually remarking that the motor was "spinning like a top," the wizard of the outboard launched into a series of yarns about the adventures attending the cruises of his old *Bess Emily* in the waters we were about to enter.

They mostly had to do with clawing off lee shores in sudden squalls, banging over half-submerged reefs in the dark, and all the other odds and ends of intriguing little incidents that the yachtsman so loves to dwell upon in retrospect, especially for the edification of the younger Ulysses who navigates locally for the first time. The gist of it all seemed to be that the north coast of Green Bay and the islands thereof was no place for a 40' motor cruiser in anything but fair weather. But as to whether or not they ever had fair weather nothing was said, the talk was all of foul.

"Nothing very cheering in that from the open skiff standpoint," I muttered dejectedly, all my former apprehensions about the inadequacy of my little shallop surging anew in visualizing the problems conjured up by the dismal recitals.

"Oh, that's all right," encouraged the veteran with an airy wave of his hand. "You just tilt your motor and get your whole outfit up on the beach before ever the storm reaches you."

That had been my own idea, too, but there was really very little comfort in being reminded of it just as we chanced to be coasting a line of white bluffs that fell sheer to the water for a hundred feet as far as the eye could reach in either direction. Perpendicular limestone walls, weatherworn to a surface slick enough to trip a fly, struck me as offering rather arduous landing conditions.

The Green Bay coastline from Eagle Bluff to Porte des Morts is one of the finest scenic stretches to be found in all the Great Lakes. From one to two hundred feet in height, the bluffs through most of this distance rise

straight from the clear, deep water which laps their bases. With two or three shallow bays offering some protection from storms from the main lake, the whole long line of bluffs is one of the worst places conceivable off which to be caught in a blow from the west.

Death's Door Bluff, which gives its name to the sinister Porte des Morts Passage, is the most northerly point of the Green Bay Peninsula. Its name originally appears to have been given in commemoration of an Indian legend which told of a band of warriors, vanquished in battle, being driven over the cliffs into the lake at this point. Since the inauguration of navigation, the rock beset passage itself seems to have built up a tradition of its own, for the Lakes Survey Bulletin states that, "It is known as 'Death's Door' owing to the numerous detached reefs and shoals obstructing its navigation and the strong currents setting in or out according to the direction of the wind. The coast is rockbound and is almost certain destruction to crafts going ashore. These conditions have been the cause of many vessel disasters."

"Death's Door" made a flashing gesture of evil intent as we doubled its guardian bluff, but the gusty squall passed quickly and the short, broken seas stirred up by it died down rapidly as we headed east across Hedgehog Harbor and gained the lee of the hills running back from Table Bluff at the opposite side of the bay. At a quaint little cove that might have been transplanted bodily from the coast of Cornwall or Normandy or the Hebrides, we found Mrs. Evinrude and Ralph awaiting our arrival. With them was an ancient Scottish fisherman, so wrinkled and weather-beaten as to suggest that he might have pulled stroke oar for the Ark in the pride of his youth. He was bristling with intimate personal reminiscences of the tragedies of "Death's Door," where he said as many lives had been lost during the breakup of the ice in the spring as in shipwrecks.

The old fellow cackled with glee over the absurdity, of my inquiry as to the possibility of getting a barometer reading before I shoved off, adding that he had all the weatherglass anyone could ask for right there in his bones. If it was a weather forecast I wanted, he could assure me that a wind was making over in the lake that would have the teeth of "Death's Door" laid bare right "down to their gooms afore the mairn." There might even be a few breaths of loose air kicking round before night, he added, but hardly enough to keep a tight little craft like that of mine off the water, especially as I could make a lee of it most of the way round to the northeast corner of Washington Island. And, expressed in somewhat different language, those were practically the identical forecast and directions I received an hour later at the Coast Guard station on Plum Island.

Bidding good-bye to old and new friends, I refilled the tank of the motor and pushed off at 11:00, for the first time alone. The boat rode appreciably higher without a second passenger, with a distinct improvement in the ease with which I could balance her in avoiding the invasion of beam seas. This became apparent as soon as I had passed out of the lee of Table Bluff and began to shoot athwart the short but ugly cross seas driven in before the freshening southeasterly wind from the lake. An unexpectedly strong inward set of current gave added weight to the seas, and the last mile

to the lee of Plum Island, with wind and waves coming dead abeam, the boat bobbed about right merrily. She took much less water than I had anticipated under such conditions, however, and speed appeared to suffer very little from the heavy rolling. It was a very encouraging start for the "lone mariner" part of my voyage.

Running along the west side of Plum Island, I cut a mile off the buoyed course to the Coast Guard station at the northeast corner by heading straight across a long shoal at a point where the old fisherman at Hedgehog Harbor had told me there would be just enough water to clear my propeller all the way over. This did not prove quite true, but as it was only soft sand that was bumped, no harm was done. A few strokes with the oars sufficed to carry the boat on into deeper water, and five minutes later I was running in beside the station jetty.

Two of the guards came running down to help moor the boat and take me back to join them at their half-finished lunch. The captain of the station was just packing up to leave on his summer vacation but, with characteristic seaman's courtesy, postponed his departure for a half hour to go over the chart with me and discuss the route ahead. The rapidly falling barometer indicated a heavy storm from the lake beyond all doubt. As this might well hold me up for several days, Captain Moe agreed with me that it would be best to push on far as possible before it broke.

He suggested the lighthouse station of St. Martin's Island as a good strategic point to endeavor to make that afternoon. There was adequate protection available for the boat, and it would be a favorable place from which to take off for the long 50-mile jump to Manistique on the mainland of the north shore of Lake Michigan, the next good harbor on my route. In view of the gustiness of the wind, evidently the vanguard of the coming storm, he advised a safe but circuitous course that would take me close along the sheltered west and north coasts of Washington Island, leaving the jump across open water to St. Martin's Island to the last, and reducing it to less than ten miles. I could find shelter at a wood camp on the south shore of St. Martin's Island if it was too rough to run around to the lighthouse, while there were two good harbors on the north shore of Washington Island in the event I had to scurry to shelter earlier in the afternoon.

Unlike the weather preceding the second day of the voyage, the wind was now blowing from, rather than to, the quarter from which the storm was expected. It was still clear overhead, as well as to the north and west, but an opaque bank of haze to the southeast was slowly extending to blur the whole lakeward skyline. The lookout on the Coast Guard station watch tower reported whitecaps on the main lake when I got underway again at 1:00 but, sheltered by intervening islands and shoals, the water through which I ran for the first few miles was hardly more than rippled.

Under the high bluffs of the west coast of Washington Island the clear green water was quiet as the surface of a millpond, and even when I rounded Bover Bluff and headed across the deep indentation of Washington Harbor there was little to indicate to anyone not highly sapient of local weather conditions how much air was really stirring in the open passage a few miles to the northward.

It was this Judas-kissing calm and the soft airs of the lee of Washington Island that lured me into shooting straight across for St. Martin's, a dull gray-green blur on the horizon 13 miles to the northeast, instead of following Captain Moe's injunction of keeping in as close as possible all the way. The direct course would not only have the advantage of saving time and distance, but would also bring me to St. Martin's at a point from which it would be much easier to reach the light station than from the landing at the southern side. This perfectly sound reasoning was eventually justified, but without altering the truth of the cardinal fact (which was probably best learned at bitter firsthand anyway) that a broad, open passage already under the guns of an advancing storm is no place to venture with an open boat.

The increase of the force of the wind as I ran away from the shelter of the land was as gradual as it was unmistakable. Two miles out the crests of the steep, short waves were tipped with white, and not far beyond a good deal more than spray began to slop over the weather gunwale. As my northeasterly course brought the seas dead abeam, the spray hood was of little use in keeping water out of the open after section of the boat, nor did throttling down speed help greatly. Running dead into the eye of the wind with a slow engine kicked up wild splashes of spray, but most of it was carried back over the stern. Running before the wind, though the boat yawed crazily in the unrhythmic seas, was dryer still. I tried them all just to get a bit of an idea how things would be in the event it became impracticable to hold on my original course. Then I unlimbered my big bailing bucket and headed for the slowly broadening lee of St. Martin's beyond the ten miles of open water still intervening.

A 30' cabin fishing launch, hastening to take in its nets before the storm broke, gave me the first idea of how rough it really was. With only a knot or two of way on, she was rolling rails under in the trough, with spray occasionally flying right over the deck of her high glassed-in cabin. She had evidently been a pleasure craft at one time, and of a design far from well adapted to the lowly work in hand. The fishermen were genial souls, and especially nice in the considerate way they refrained from seizing the opportunity to

launch a flock of solemn warnings about the coming storm.

One of them had a pleasant sort of dry wit, though. When I responded to his hail of "whereaway, matey?" with a laconic "New York," he shook his head and roared back that the weather didn't look favorable for making that port before dark. And another was a merry wag. When I asked, with a fine show of nonchalance, if the wind ever blew thereabouts, he replied that it "puffed away tol'ab' smatt" when it got its dander up, adding that, of the last launch he had wrecked, the engine was the only part that was found on the beach.

"And what became of the rest?" I asked, quite naturally.

"All that was left o' the hull an' uppa-wuks we salvaged from the trees at the top of the bluff," he replied, laying back another layer of net along the pile on the bobbing stern.

But the good fellows were quite serious and sensible when, in similar mood, I asked what they thought of pushing on to St. Martin's. They would really welcome the chance to take me home with them to Jackson's Harbor, they said, but, since there was nothing in the next five miles worse than I had banged through for the last five, there was no reason why I should lose a day or two by departing from the most direct course. And quite right they proved to be. A little work with the bailing bucket every time the bilge began to swish about my ankles kept the water from rising to a dangerous level, and that was about all there was to it.

Just as soon as I was well past the middle of the passage, indeed, and knew that I was wallowing along very comfortably through the worst of the welter, the thing was really good fun, also distinctly heartening in uncovering qualities of seaworthiness in both boat and engine beyond my highest hopes for either. Confidence in my ability to avoid or ride out the worst the dread north coast of Lake Michigan had to offer in the weather line was pegged several notches higher by the time my drenched but buoyant little craft slid into the quiet green waters of the sheltered lee of St. Martin's. And the exaltation of high-pegged confidence is not conducive to the state of mind necessary for conservative navigation. That truth had been brought home to me a

Good-bye to Ole Evinrude at Hedgehog Harbor.



score of times in running river rapids, it was rather silly to have to learn it all over again on a lake.

The sun-brilliant bit of seascape flashing into view as I rounded the northwest point of St. Martin's seemed for an instant as though lifted bodily and transplanted from the South Pacific. Both color and form conspired to compass the illusion. It required slight stretch of the imagination to see in the loop of white limestone beach a shining strand of coral clinkers, in the white and red lighthouse buildings a mission or trading station, in the wind stripped trees on a jutting point a patch of feather topped coco palms, and in the combers breaking on the shoals of the low Gull Islands a South Sea surf thundering on a barrier reef. The tropical seeming faded as the eye

searched for details, but the first vivid vision had been so real as almost to bring the perfume of frangipani and tiare Tahiti on the wings of the gathering gale.

Running in past a long deserted fishing village, with its sagging roofed houses and rotting docks, I landed at the slip of the boathouse of the lighthouse station. The bronzed, broad shouldered chap who dropped a paint brush to come down to greet me had a familiar look, which was explained when he introduced himself as Dave Kincaide, brother of the captain of the Milwaukee Coast Guard station. With the bottom dropping out of the barometer, he said I might just as well reconcile myself to a stop of two or three days. He regretted that there was no sleeping room for me at the station, as his family from Washington Island was paying him its annual visit, but the boathouse was at my disposal for myself as well as my boat.

His own launch, for convenience, was kept on the other side of the island. My suggestion that the boat would probably be all right if drawn up a few feet inside the narrow slip brought a chuckle and grin from the veteran keeper and his assistant. Pointing to a line of driftwood well back toward the wall of the forest, Kincaide explained that a hauling of the storm to the northeast would be likely to send everything but the native bedrock under-

lying the beach up to join it. With that graphic example of a nor'easter's wrath before me, I was only too glad to have my shallop floated onto the car of the little marine railway and hauled up by windlass into the boathouse.

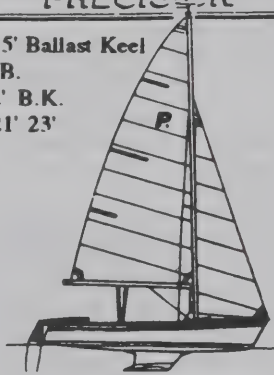
Suppering bountifully at the table presided over by Mrs. Kincaide and her daughter, I sat late into the night listening to the keeper and his two assistants spin yarns of the years spent in buffeting the summer and winter storms of the treacherous *Porte des Morts* Passage and its equally grisly vestibules among the islands to the north. One of the last tales had to do with Kincaide's fight with a giant timber wolf, which had crossed from the Michigan forests on the winter ice. Phantom wolves chased me all the way back to my bed in the boathouse after that, and then sat down to howl outside.

An hour or so after midnight their ululations were drowned in the roar of artillery, the batteries of the storm opening up in what proved to be an astonishingly earnest endeavor to blow the boathouse off the face of the island. Fortunately the cunning government architects had contrived to anchor the squat little building against just such an onslaught, so that the only serious casualty revealed by the stormy dawn was Keeper Kincaide's freshly spread layer of white paint.

(To Be Continued)

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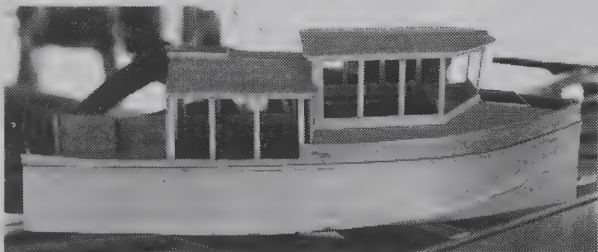


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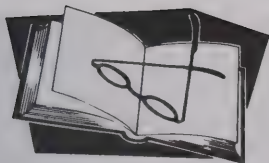
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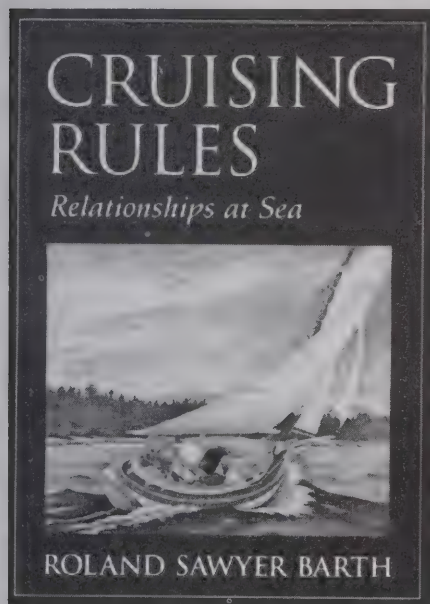
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Reviews



Cruising Rules

By Roland Sawyer Barth
Head Tide Press, \$15 postpaid
(207) 729-7403, toll free outside of Maine
(888) 729-4105,
email: HTidePress@aol.com
Paperback, 6"x 8", 110 Pages,
30 Illustrations

Review by Bob Hicks

I was predisposed to read this book because it is published by another "cottage industry" publisher, Petra Nicholson, owner of Head Tide Press. Last September we reprinted one chapter from the book, "The Kids' Night on the Town", in which Barth sleeps over one night without permission on a neighboring moored yacht so his daughter and her friends could have his Friendship Sazerac all to themselves.

Noting an approaching inflatable full of yachties heading directly for his bootlegged overnight accommodations in the early dawn light, Barth panics and swims for it back to Sazerac, floating all his clothes ahead of him on an air mattress while composing explanations should they inquire as to his peculiar behaviour. Turned out the yachties went right on past the yacht Barth had appropriated to one further out.

Barth's "Rule" derived from this experience was, "Before you go to great lengths to extricate yourself from trouble, make sure you're in trouble."

There are 24 more such rules developed from empirical experience over many years of cruising in three different Friendship sloops and a subsequent 25' fiberglass Contessa sloop. A main premise throughout this

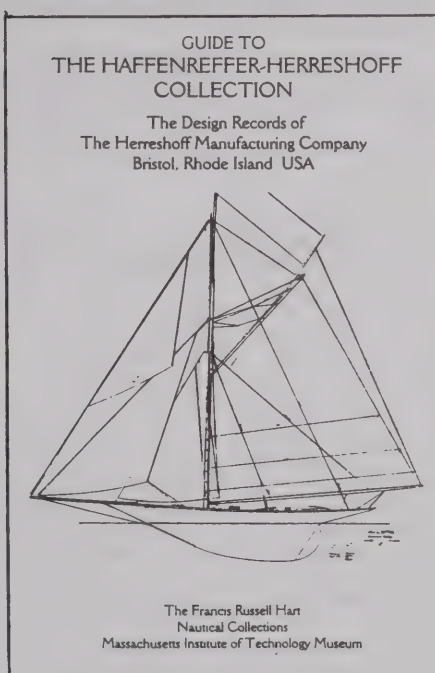
entertaining volume is that you have to be able to get along while confined onboard a boat with others over prolonged periods of time. As Barth was part of a syndicate which owned the succeeding Friendships, he was particularly subjected to this social imperative.

Yet, one of the most interesting chapters was "Inside Passage", in which he ventures forth on a solo sail and is trapped for a day and night alone in the boat at an isolated mooring by dense fog. He finds out he can hardly stand it alone with himself. His "rule" from this is, "When you cruise alone, be prepared to navigate the "inside passage". He elaborates on this somewhat enigmatic "rule" by adding that when we are alone, the boundary between reality and illusion be-

comes very foggy.

Several years ago I read and reviewed a book that still fascinates me, *The Psychology of Sailing*, in which, amongst other aspects of this weird game we play, the author examines how people find themselves unable to get along in close confines aboard a yacht and ultimately resort to extremes like taking one another's lives far at sea on what started out as a recreational cruise under sail.

Well, *Cruising Rules* is far more laid back and relaxing while discussing some of the same issues, and Barth succeeds in his anecdotal approach in informing us of why such rules come into being while entertaining us with his tales of the circumstances in which he saw the light, 25 times. A good, fun read.



Guide to the Haffenreffer-Herreshoff Collection: *The Design Records of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, Bristol, Rhode Island, USA*

By Kurt Hasselbach, Curator, The Francis Russel Hart Nautical Collections, Massachusetts Institute of Technology Museum.
8-1/2"x 11" Paperback, 220 pages, Photos, Drawings, Company Records.

\$20 Plus S&H, Hart Nautical Collections, MIT Museum, 265 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA 02139, or phone MIT Museum Shop, (617)253-4462

Reviewed by Bob Hicks


Don't be misled by my loose use of the term "reviewed" as I did not read this compendium of all that MIT has in its collection relating to the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company. I spent several hours skimming it, reading the odd bits that caught my eye, and looking at the photos of the America's Cup yachts, the drawings of the steam engines, and the 80 plus pages reproduced of the original company order book, handwritten from 1883 to 1946.

The book is a step at improving access to the collection, which has been at MIT since given to it by Rudolph Haffenreffer (Class of 1895) upon the liquidation of Herreshoff Manufacturing in 1948. About 13,500 drawings and other design records are involved.

The material has been available to bona fide researchers all along but accessing so large an uncatalogued collection was difficult. Now in this volume, which Hasselbach compiled over several years in a privately funded microfilming program, one can read an overview of the design system and products of the HMC, general information about the collection, detailed information about each series, description of the database, complete listing of the microfilm, a facsimile of the original construction records and an index of the HMC vessel names.

So who would want to wade through all of this? Serious historical researchers, of course, but a building fees policy is explained for both models and full size replicas from these plans, which indicates to me that serious builders can indeed build from original Herreshoff designs available from this source.

Even if your interest is peripheral, curiosity about Herreshoff that doesn't warrant direct access for serious research or obtaining plans copies, this book provides an in depth insight into the scale of Herreshoff's significance during its 68 years of existence in the glory days of yachting. It's still in my reading pile for ongoing short takes that I find best for me for absorbing so much detailed information on the subject.



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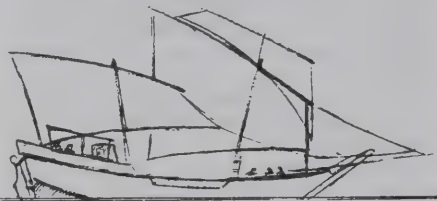
When, after a search of fifteen years, I found a plan that needed neither stocks nor a flat level floor to build on, I asked my neighbour, a professional carpenter, to help me. After looking at the plans, he declined. If it wasn't square and plumb he could not build it. If it had curved lines, he could not see it.

I went home realising that I had a talent he hadn't. Although I had no experience in carpentry, and my hands were clumsy from inexperience, I built the boat, produced the masts (ketch rig) and made the sails from ticking. It worked fine. I

The Dhow: A generic name for a wide variety of Arabian craft, the effortless beauty of whose gentle sheer delights the eye as much as the bold sweep of their yards. This beauty belies the close-up meanness of their provenance, where frugal captains split the proverbial shoestring four times lengthwise and hardbitten owners squeeze the penny 'til it screams.

DreamBoats

By Richard Carsen



even built another one on request. A mistake I made was fiberglassing the outside only. The water got between the wood and the fiberglass and started rot. I haven't fiberglassed anything since. If you oil all your planks before use (Rabl) you will find even the cheapest caulking will hold in a thin seam. Wider seams have to be filled with some rope or rags.

After working seven years in fiberglass and ruining my lungs, I have turned away from that material. I have had the

good fortune to have owned a hull, built in Singapore, which was a dhow in model, but was built by the Chinese method; every plank nailed to the next, five sturdy bulkheads with a minimum of framing in between. The nailing at each 2-1/2" to 3" produces a monocoque structure. Floors, frames and futtocks were about on 2' centers. No rabbets anywhere, not between the plank keel and the garboards, not between the stem and the planking. The sloping transom had no bevels. You could put your balled fist in the gap between transom and bottom planks. She had come across on her own keel, yet hadn't leaked.

The secret was the caulking; rope, rags, netting soaked in a mixture of lime before applying to the seam, and before the nails were driven from plank to plank; and plenty of oil. They supposedly use tung-oil, whatever that is, but good linseed oil will do just as well. I still have a big container of linseed oil. The boiled stuff will be thicker.

The Dhow

Dhows still travel the ancient routes, modern diesels replacing the power of their greatly diminished sails. But the mystery remains. Deckloads of cars, beds, fridges and TV's. Who buys that stuff in these impoverished lands? Their captains, then as now, seem to come from every race and color in the world, from the ancient redheads of legend to the multicolored crowd of today.

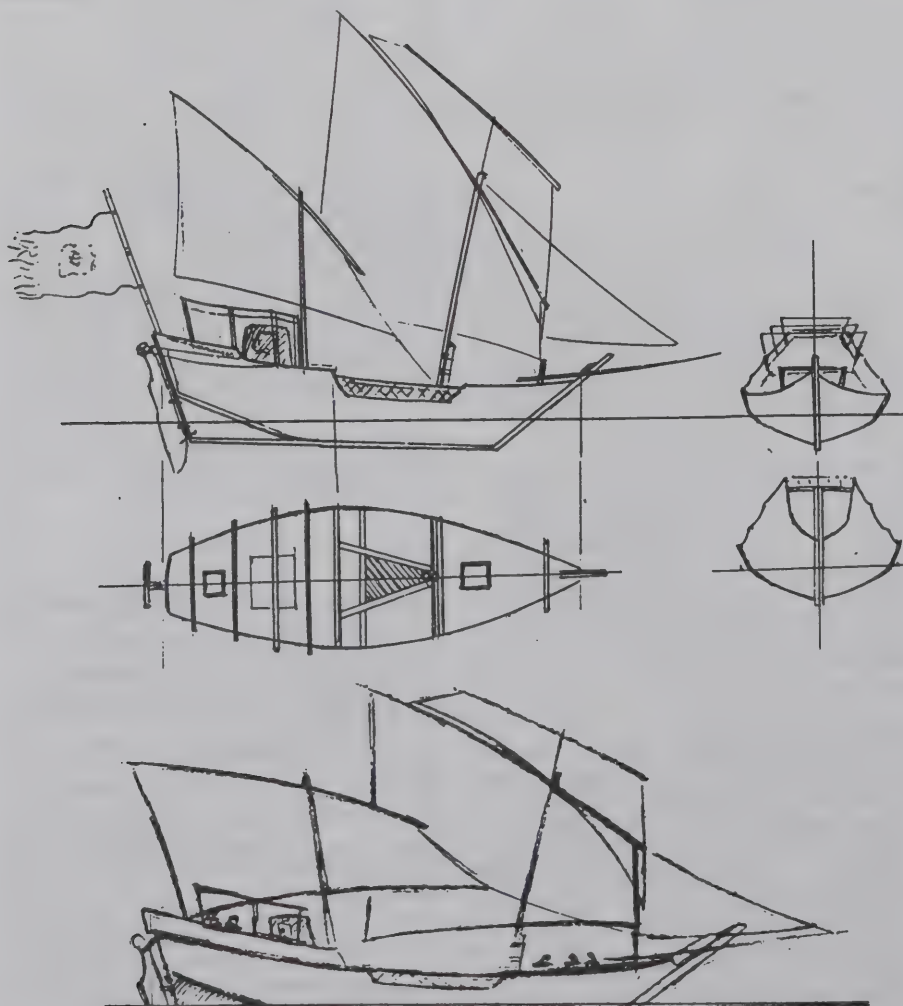
As night sinks over the Indian Ocean and the monsoon wind loses its strength, you and your ship seem to disappear into the velvet darkness of the tropical night, only a soft murmur reminding you you're on the water, while all around you a sky, strewn with stars so numerous, so large and so bright as you have never seen seems to swallow you up into the boundless vastness of the surrounding universe. No wonder they are the fathers of deep sea, star navigation. Their mathematics and philosophies still form the basis of our own.

The sun setting in the west over flaming African shores hides behind a string of ports of call, as gorgeous as the glowing emeralds and pearls around the graceful neck of a dusky beauty; while the rising sun may reveal an India, magically rising from the mists of myth and morning. In her creaking holds she has carried the treasures of the world; her wanderings are the wanderings of Sinbad the sailor; in her wake she wove the stories of the *Thousand and One Nights*.

The most maligned and slandered craft of history, she is in fact of excellent sea-keeping ability, an excellent tacker, and eminently maneuverable. Was it jealousy that gave her such a bad name, or simply the lack of first hand knowledge and the result of incomprehension?

The boom I show here really doesn't do her justice. At 54' she is also quite small for this type of craft. This one is not a carrier as she misses the square mid-section of such craft. She's meant to be more of a yacht, a smuggler maybe in the dark of night?

(To Be Continued)





Gloucester Light Dory Surprising Successes

By Ron Mamerow

In January 1996, a few of us who live in mid-Michigan got together and formed a small boat building club, "The Middle of Mitten Boat Builders' Club" of Owosso, Michigan. We met once a month to talk boats. It was obvious that we all loved boats but we were a little aimless, no goals, nothing to get everyone "up" on. Most of us had no experience at boat building.

At our February 1997 meeting, it was suggested that we could build a small boat to be donated to a church school fund-raiser. Two club members who belonged to the church offered to provide the materials (wood, epoxy and paint) if the other club members would donate the time and skills needed to do the building. It was voted on and we were committed to having a boat finished by the October fund-raiser.

Several boats were discussed and plans studied to find just the right one to build. The enthusiasm seemed to grow each time the "club project," as it was called, was talked about.

Finally we decided to use a Bolger design adapted for plywood by "Dynamite" Payson, the "Gloucester Light Dory." The beautiful lines and the excellent instructions in Payson's book made this boat seem to be the perfect choice for us; that is, at least, the club members with some boat building under their belts.

The rest went along on the faith that we could finish in time and it would be good enough to sell tickets for a raffle. One club member remarked that we would be doing all right if we could sell enough tickets so that the school would make what we would have in the materials to build this boat.

As the building in which the "project" was to be built was not heated, the actual boat building was not started until April. A club member with lofting experience drew the molds full size, and each member got one mold to build.

In May, construction got under way. When the molds were being set up on a rack and ladder, one could see the interest and dedication grow. Now those who had absolutely no building experience were suddenly gain-

ing confidence and every part, stick, and joint had to be just right. Good enough was no longer a proper thing to say. If it's not perfect, it was time to do it over.

By the time the hull was glued up, just about everyone in the club had donated some part of the materials. The white oak for the stem came from one member, the red oak for the outwales and footrests from another, the sides from a third, and the bottom from a fourth. So, it was truly a club effort.

We managed to get some local business people involved. A sporting goods store donated a very nice set of 7' oars, and another business was interested in giving us paint. Then the real work, sanding and painting, began. Toward the end, one of the members claimed that we had figured out the "four parts of boat building," sanding, sanding, more sanding, and then all the rest.

As the job was completed, it was time to get the school people involved. They had made arrangements to print 500 tickets, but after seeing the boat, ordered 1,000 more. We put the boat on display at the church, then took it around to shopping malls and store parking lots to sell as many tickets as possible.

In less than five weeks they had printed up 2,500 tickets and, by selling them at \$1 each or 7 for \$5, had sold over \$1,900 dollars worth. So, the school made out all right.

The club had the pride and satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that we were all part of a job very well done, and got several new members.

At the next meeting, the main topic was what is the next club project going to be? It seems that we will be doing some kind of "project" on an ongoing basis, at least for the foreseeable future.

The rewards that come from a joint effort are surprisingly rich and much greater than anyone not having the chance to experience it could imagine.

Anyone interested in the things we learned about how to set up and do a charity project can contact us at the following address:

The Middle of Mitten Boat Builders' Club, 2519 South M-52, Owosso, MI 48867, or call Ron Mamerow at 517-725-7407.

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In Defense of Bolger and the Gunter Rig

By Hugh Horton

Gunters can be good. Iain Oughtred and reader Peter Vanderwaart are right, but so is Phil Bolger. I'll confirm Mr. Bolger's criticism of the possibility of sloppy sail shape, and I'll corroborate the desire of the yard to bind, sometimes, in unwieldy situations. But I've found no better rig for our decked, cruising canoes, both because of the gunter's attributes and our rig's small size and form.

My first experience with gunters was learning to sail, 200+ daysails, mostly on inland Michigan lakes in an 8' dinghy, *Grin Grin* had a normal boom and was a gunter in which the yard swung away from the mast when the sail was lowered. The jaws bound, I replaced them. The mast was unstayed aluminum.

My second gunter experience has been with our Drascombe Lugger yawl, *Kaselehlia*. This includes cruising, trailer sailing, and about 500 daysails off a mooring in south Florida. Her rig is a wooden sparred, sliding gunter. The yard remains nearly parallel with the mast when it's lowered. The mast is held up by shrouds and a headstay, which sets a jib. She has no boom.

My third experience with the rig has been on our decked sailing canoes. These rigs are freestanding, can be reefed, and use a sprit boom. (I should have heeded Bolger earlier about sprit booms). The short, stiff mast also permits a jib or tiny leg o' mutton. This rig was chosen after experience with many full-length batten rigs on aluminum masts in canoes and kayaks, because years ago I was half of Balogh Sail Design, the half providing boats, prototype gear, product, and capital. Since then, on our canoes and kayaks, I've used many sails and compared sails of equal area including single, full-length batten sails, a windsurfer style, "fat head" battenless sail, a spritsail, and leg o' mutton sails, most with an assortment of booms on a variety of masts. On other sailors' canoes I've sailed lugs and lateens.

Mr. Bolger's criticisms are sound. On *Kaselehlia*, her yard standing "cockeyed to the line of the mast" can foul the sail's shape. The cockeyedness causes sags and bags, creases, or worse sometimes. The jaws can bind when the yard and sail are whipping around in a squall if one doesn't control the sheet and/or halyard. The sail's shape, being boomless, worsens the farther off one steers. When running or broad reaching for awhile, I rig an oar or other stick to pole out the main and/or jib. Yet *Kaselehlia's* gunter is a versatile, service-

able rig. I liken a Drascombe lugger to a Checker automobile.

The tendency of the yard to resist lowering, from having too little overlap, would negate one of the gunter's attractions, how the sail and yard come down *fast*. Then one has choices. My decked canoe, *Black Puffin*, can be paddled with just the yard and sail down, or furl the sail, sprit, and yard to the mast, or pluck the mast and secure it on deck with the yard and sprit bundle, or stow it below. The overlap I use on *Puffin* was influenced by 1930's photographs of gunter rigged, 10' British racing dinghies. This overlap ratio is less than *Kaselehlia's*. The small sizes for our craft permit less overlap than I'd want on a larger boat, if I'd want a gunter at all.

Bolger says, "The object of a gunter rig is to set a tall sail on a short mast. It also has the useful effect (I'll say!) of eliminating bare spar above a reefed sail." Because wind down near the water is slowed by friction, our little rigs want all the mast height we can handle. We need sail height if we insist on sailing to windward in moderate air, when we could be paddling faster. Yet too much height is just a gust away, so lowering mast height with reefing is a grand advantage. However, the overlap of yard and mast is a persistent brain bug. As Bolger suggests, maybe it can be relieved by a scarf joint.

In these dinky sizes, we seem to get the advantages and have sidestepped most of the difficulties of gunters. *Puffin's* rig is a more shapely foil than *Kaselehlia's*. It rarely gets only slightly cockeyed, and I have better control of it on all points of sail. By shaping the yard and mast appropriately, and using halyard tension, the yard nestles firmly to the mast. And since the rig rotates, it can have a cleaner, more aerodynamic luff and reliable sail shape. The challenge, I think, is to shape the parts so they free instantly with release of the halyard, to come down and prevent a bag of windage and binding spars while also making them light, strong, and streamlined.

Puffin's rig is relatively simple, but it's too complex. Rigging the sprit boom is a complication and, it is worth it. Reefing and rigging the sprit boom make it more complicated. But both *Puffin's* and *Kaselehlia's* rigs have surprisingly good shapes when reefed. They drive well in spite of the extra spar along the luff.

On *Puffin*, the three spars, mast, yard, and sprit boom, are the same length, the length which will fit below. A disadvantage of improved gunters is the spars' shapes want to be more particular than simple columns. Shapes swell and taper. Cross sections vary. *Puffin's* mast and yard are hollow Western red cedar stiffened with carbon fiber. Wall thickness changes from 3/16" in the upper yard to 7/16" in the mast, where the cleats are lashed above the solid area at the deck. Diameter at the deck is 1-3/4". Carbon fiber tows, set in shallow grooves, stiffen the spars and form the sheaveless holes at the masthead, top of the yard, and ends of the sprit boom. The yard's jaws are crude, solid kevlar, too heavy, but serve.

Bolger's essay about gunters makes sense. But in small versions with careful design, I think their promise can be largely fulfilled. The rig as we use it seems to avoid the problems. It is not a perfect rig. It could be simpler and begs refinement, but it will do for now.

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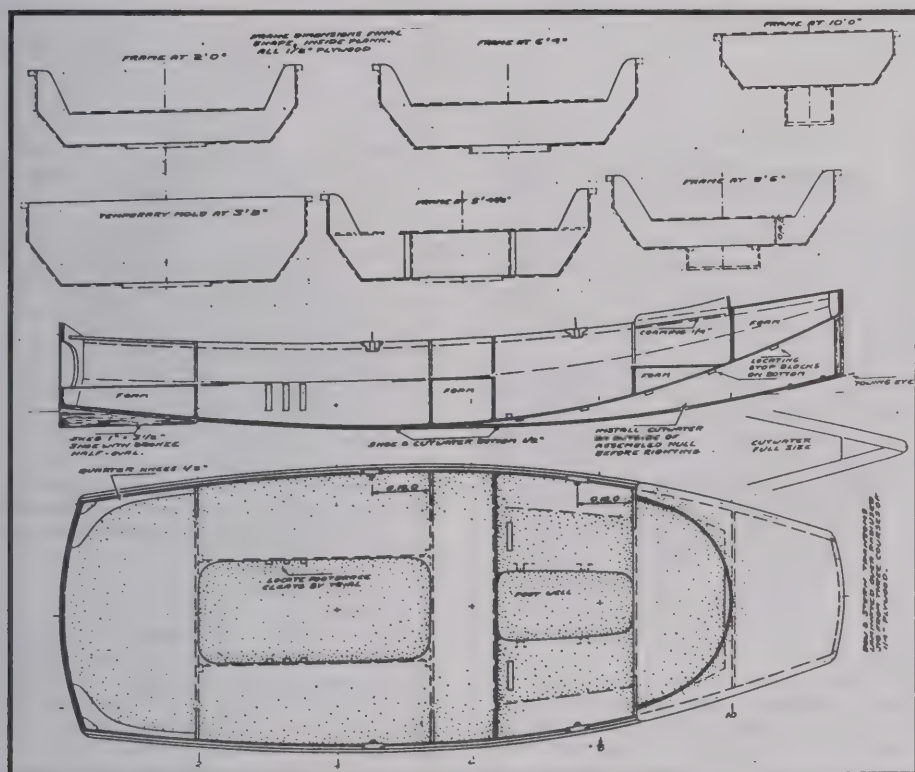
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Bolger on Design

Design #647
Donovan's Tender
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Harry Donovan commissioned this design as a tender to a 60-odd-foot modern fast auxiliary cruiser which apparently was designed without provisions amidship to carry a sizable dinghy. Thus its dimensions had to fit across the wide, tumbled-home transom of the mother ship, and it had to behave well when towed at her speed of 10 or more knots. It will replace a nice, round-bilge pulling boat that had a bad habit of yawing and capsizing when towed fast.

The wish list differed from that of *June Bug* (discussed in the last issue) in the fast-towing requirement in that it had to be shorter to fit the mother ship, it was to be used at times with an unmodified electric trolling motor (short range, with a single battery; we

tested this with a 12-volt motor on our rowing boat *Spur II*), and that it would be used for recreational rowing by a single oarsman with a high standard of rowing performance. The brief also called for a beautiful boat if possible, at any rate good-looking and yachty.

We started with an *Auray Punt* with its long overhang to carry the bow over the crests of waves. We added a knuckle in the sides to pick her up without putting the gunwale in the water if she heeled sharply. The punt's bow transom adds buoyancy and spray suppression. The after end of the bottom was straightened out to plane in a stable attitude with bow high. There's still enough rocker in her bottom to carry the stern transom well clear of the water with a single oarsman. She displaces 430

pounds, drawing 4-1/2" of water; 915 pounds drawing 7-1/2". On the latter displacement, the side knuckle is not immersed and the boat has eight inches of freeboard.

The bottom is almost wide as that of the *June Bug*. She'll have comparable stability as long as people keep their feet on the bottom. The wider gunwale, which should not be stepped on, gives more spread to the oarlocks, to use longer oars without outriggers, as well as reserve buoyancy to keep her from scooping water into herself in tow. (The knuckled side is essential for this; we've seen a bank dory with straight-flaring sides swamp itself in a quarter wave even more readily than the plumb-sided boats.)

The long bow overhang of the punt would make her too short on the waterline to row fast. It also could be swamped if somebody tried to get out of her over the bow with no other weight in the boat. We added the box cutwater to put some buoyancy under the overhang and to stretch out the waterline. A cutwater like this, with the profile rocker matched to the plan view, is almost as well streamlined as a circular section torpedo shape; picture a torpedo with longitudinal flanges standing normal to its axis. It does not have much tendency to yaw, in spite of its seemingly harsh forefoot. The up-sloping forward end has some ski action. The narrow, but buoyant, cutwater will allow the boat to meet choppy water without slamming hard under the overhang of the bottom of the hull proper.

The yachty looks were sought by a lively sheer, by the sweep of the side knuckle and its shadow, and by curving the transoms. The sharp upright stem of the cutwater takes away the square-toes effect of the bow transom. A glittering finish will complete the effect.

No sailing rig was called for, as the owner prefers the exercise of rowing. The hull has the makings of a good sailer, but the clutter of a rig would spoil her for rowing and tender duty unless it was designed to be very easily removed.

The boat is designed for taped-seam construction, with all her panels developed on the drawing board to be pre-cut and pre-finished flat before assembly, without lofting or more than minor fitting. Plans on three 17" x 22" sheets are available for \$75 to build one boat.

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Alternative Building Materials

By Mississippi Bob

Some recent articles by Jim Michalak, Dave Carnell, and Sam Overman started me thinking that it was time to share some of my experiences with other readers. First, let me say that I have built several boats using lauan underlayment and have had good results. I have also built parts of boats, and complete ones, of foam.

For a couple years I worked at a sailboat shop as a repairman. We did some unorthodox things that seemed to work. We repaired many rudders and centerboards during my employment there. Often we spent more time trying to fix an old board than it would have taken to make a replacement.

Many of the older boards were built from two molded shell halves filed with some type of foam. If a board was crushed, damaging the outer shell, it was hard to put the strength back. We would sometimes drill and inject epoxy into the foam, trying to fill the space with a solid plug of epoxy. I never really felt good about making a fix that way.

Another problem with these foam core foils is that after years of use they often wear through in spots and water can find its way inside. Water by itself doesn't hurt, but if the boat is stored outdoors through a Minnesota winter, guess what. Yeah, you bet water expands when it freezes, and after a few years the foil is much thicker than it started.

My best answer is to use the foil as a pattern (if it is available) and build a wooden replacement. Yes, wood. Wood sheathed with fiberglass and epoxy can make a very strong foil.

I have built many rudders and centerboards from lumber yard plywood, either lauan or exterior grade AC plywood if a thicker board is needed.

On the thicker rudders I cut out slightly oversized rudder panels from 3/4" AC. I make as many of these as I need to stack up to about 1/8" less than the desired thickness. These sections are wet out thoroughly with epoxy, buttered up with thickened epoxy, and screwed together with square drive deck screws. The next day the screws are backed out and the foil is shaped with planes and sanders.

Fairing up a plywood board is pretty easy to get right. The seams in the plywood give you a good gauge as to how much needs to be removed. I usually start with a center line drawn all the way around the square sawn edge. A fine lined marker leaves a good line that should stay on until you sand it off. The joints in the plywood really help to keep things right. The shaped foil should be slightly less than the desired thickness, as the sheathing will bring it out to size.

I built a rudder for one customer out of two layers of lauan and three layers of 6-oz. fiberglass between the layers. The glass center allowed me to fair the trailing edge down to a knife edge. After sheathing, the board was 5/8" thick and very strong.

When sheathing any foil, I have found

that it takes several steps to get it right. I start with the leading edge up. I support the board in some manner to allow me to wrap the leading edge and both sides in Step 1. Step 2 is to sheath the trailing edge and bottom. For this step, I use glass strips cut on a bias. It is often necessary to do the top edges as a third step. After a thorough sanding, I may repeat Step 1 in order to bring the foil up to the desired thickness.

The board is again sanded and faired up with a marine grade of bondo prior to painting. The hardware is now installed and removed again. The holes made for mounting the hardware are enlarged, filled with thickened epoxy, and redrilled, and the foil is painted before the hardware is reinstalled. A board made this way should never get wet inside, so it should last for many years.

A few years back I did some design work for the Hydro Bike. It was not a particularly good experience, but it was educational. After doing a couple of experimental hulls to fit their frame, I built them a plug that would produce the mold for production. I built this plug using pink insulation foam sanded and faired up with dry wall joint compound. After a couple coats of epoxy, I gave them a plug and they put it into production.

A couple of years later, Hydro Bike came back to me wanting me to produce a longer, faster hull shape to fit the same frame. I drew up some lines and presented my drawings to their engineer. He liked the lines and told me to build a pair for testing. A second pair would be built if the first pair worked out. They wanted two complete units that would be used in an ad campaign where two middle-aged jocks would peddle them up the Mississippi River.

The four hulls that I produced for them were built from 2" thick pink foam sawed out to match my 2" lofting lines. Unlike Sam Overman's hulls, mine were stacked pieces cut to the shape of the loft lines and sanded fair with 36 to 40 grit. Yes, I had a lot of pink sawdust, but nothing that my shop vac couldn't handle.

I buried an oak 1x2 under the deck that held the mounting bolts that attached the floats to their frames. Everything got glassed using epoxy and the hulls got delivered.

The two bikes made the trip from New Orleans to Minneapolis without coming apart, but the Hydro Bike concept failed above Minneapolis as the 12" prop couldn't find enough water in the upper sections of Ole Miss. The foam floats worked out just fine, although they did get a few holes punched in them. Not a problem for Hydro Bike, they just stuck on little decorative stickers and kept on pedalling.

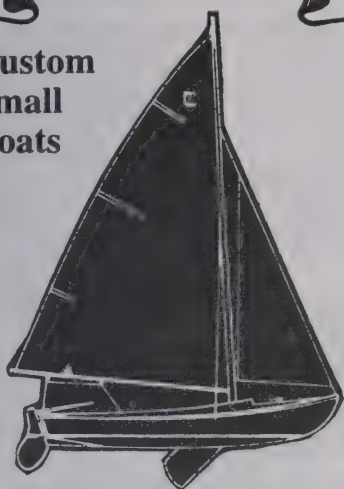
The floats I built for Hydro Bike had two layers of 6-oz. fiberglass on the large surfaces with extra material on the hard corners. For a boat that you expect to last a while, you need a stronger skin. The skin needs to be strong enough to stand a beating without any support from the foam.

Many homebuilt airplanes are built with a similar construction. Most designers of these aircraft recommend a white or light yellow finish, as they feel that the sun's warmth can overheat the surface and cause a delamination.

Paint your foam boat white and don't store it in the sun. I am a firm believer that foam boats will be the homebuilt boat of the future, but we do have to work out a few bugs.

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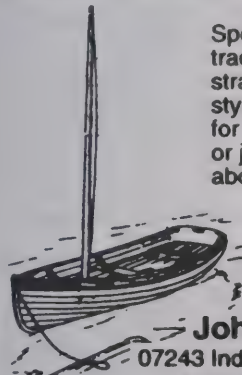
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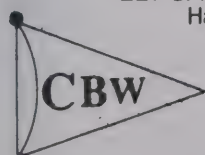


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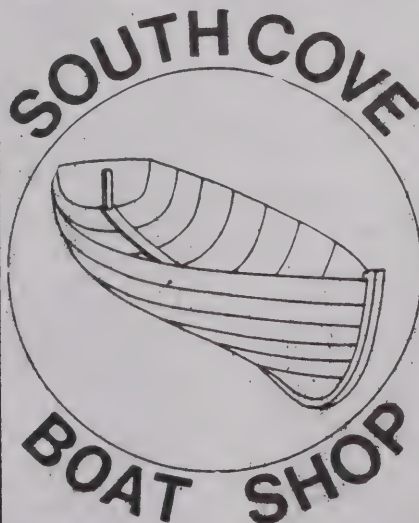


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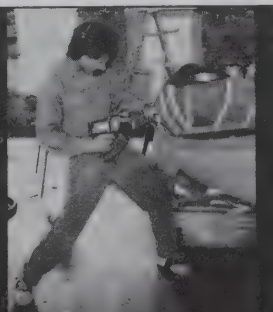
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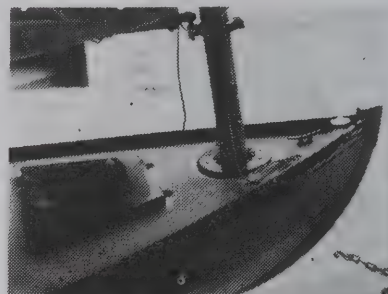
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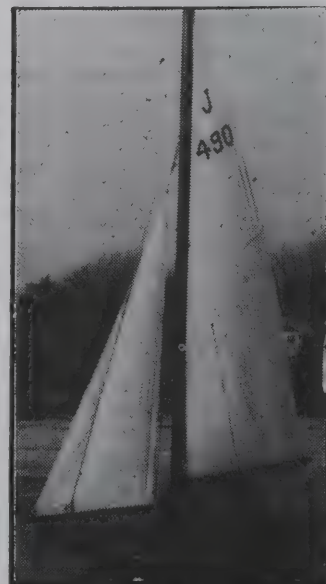
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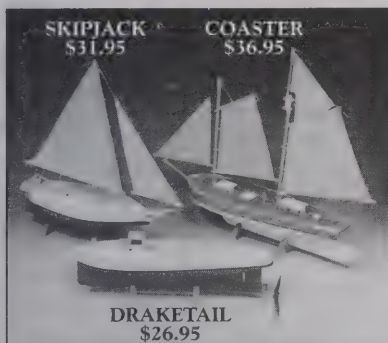
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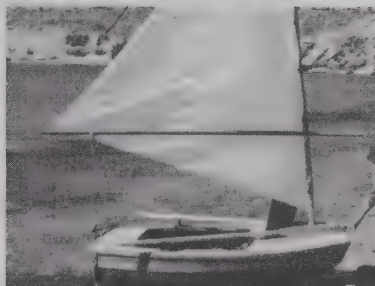
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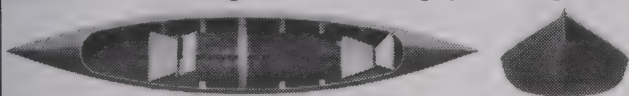
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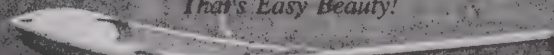
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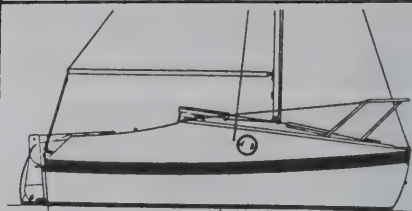
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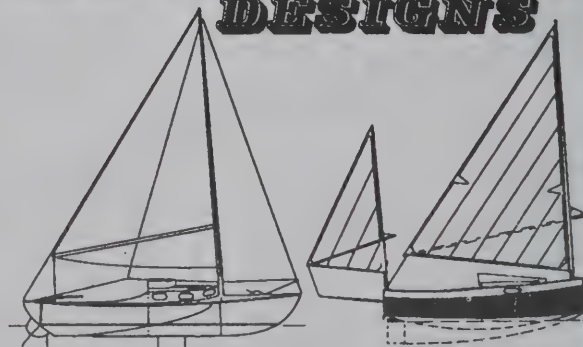
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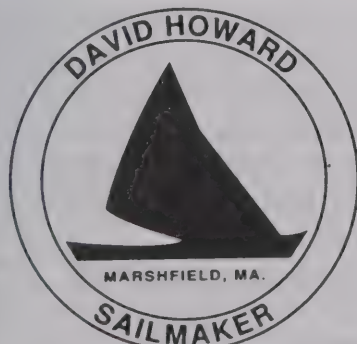
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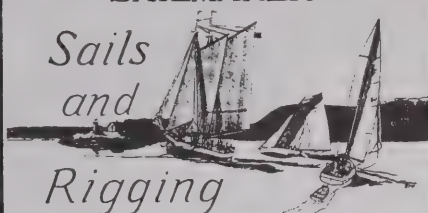
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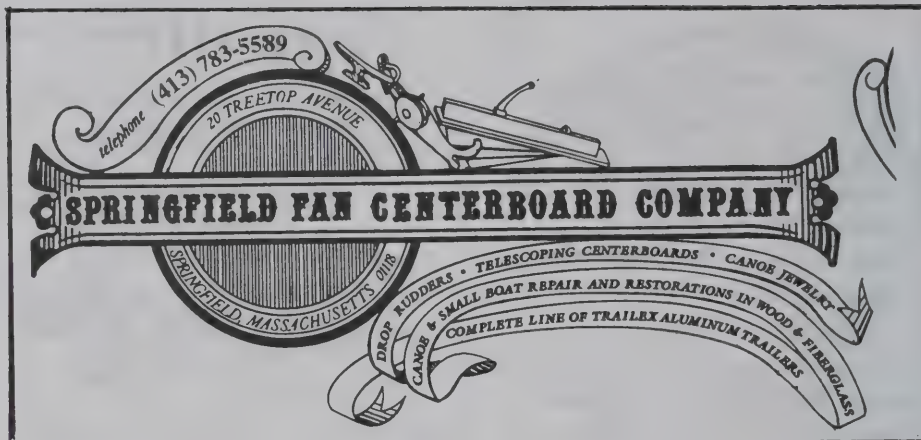
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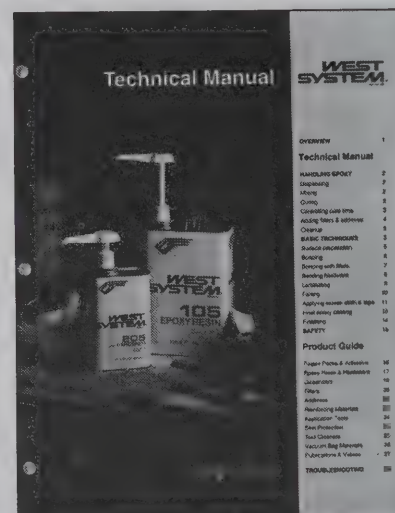
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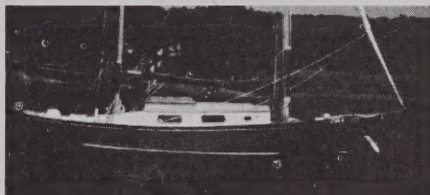
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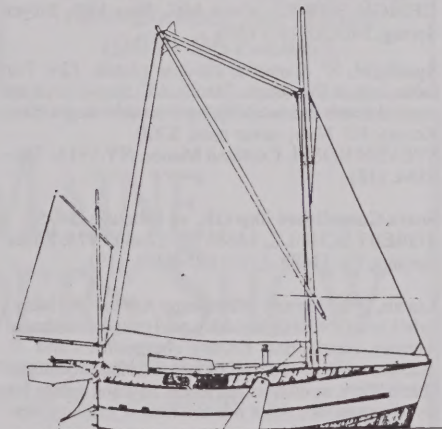
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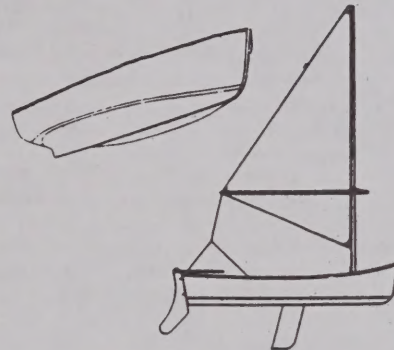
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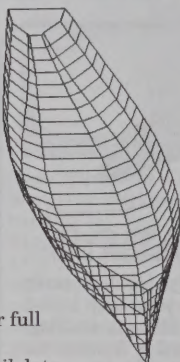
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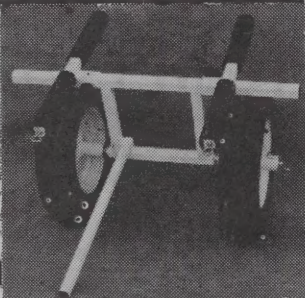
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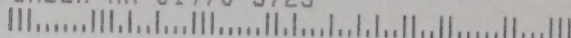
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